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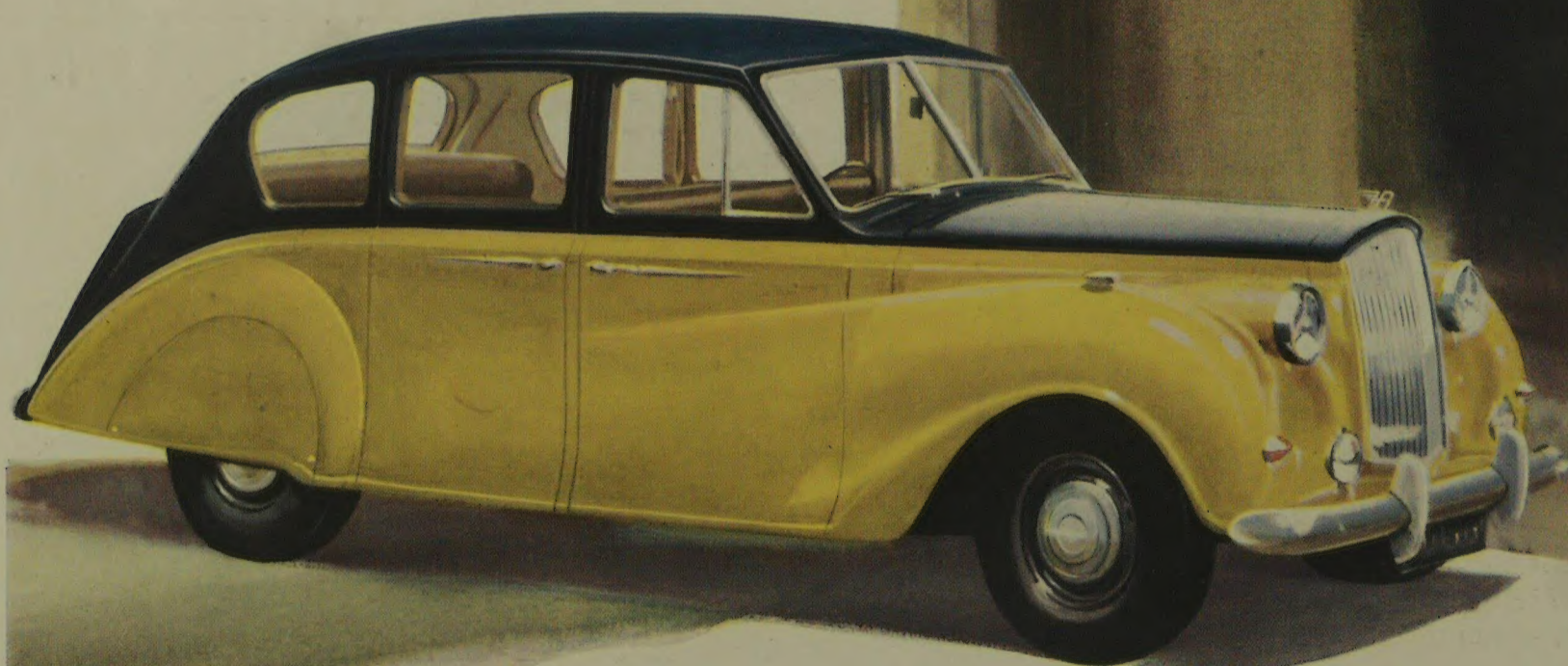
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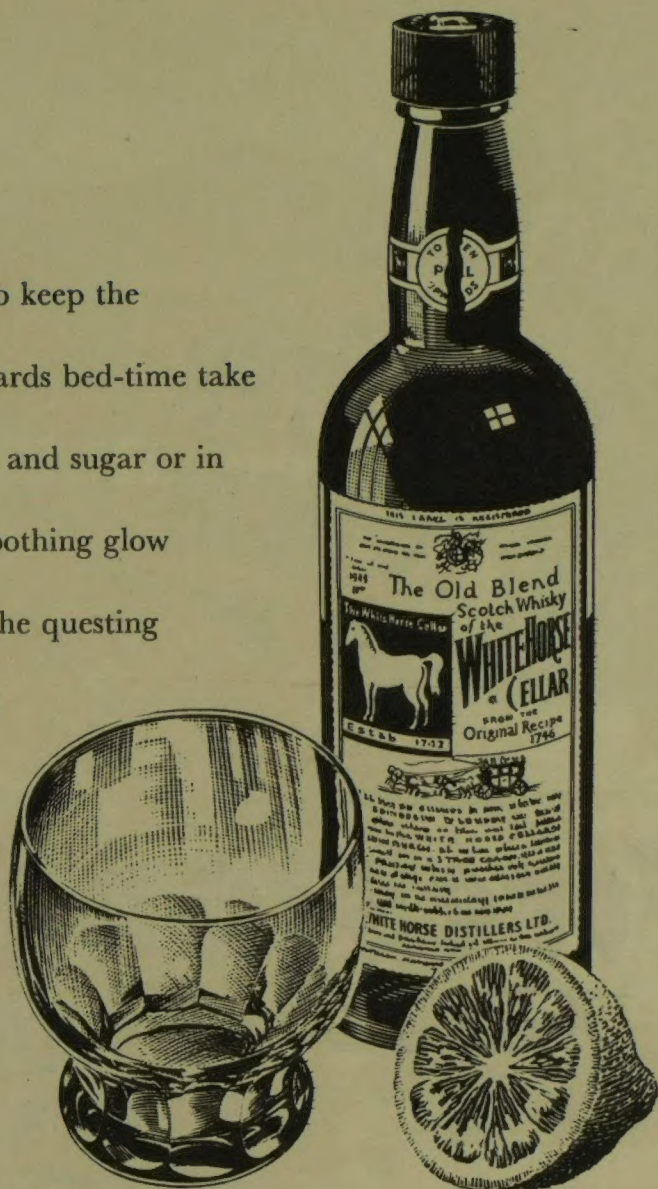


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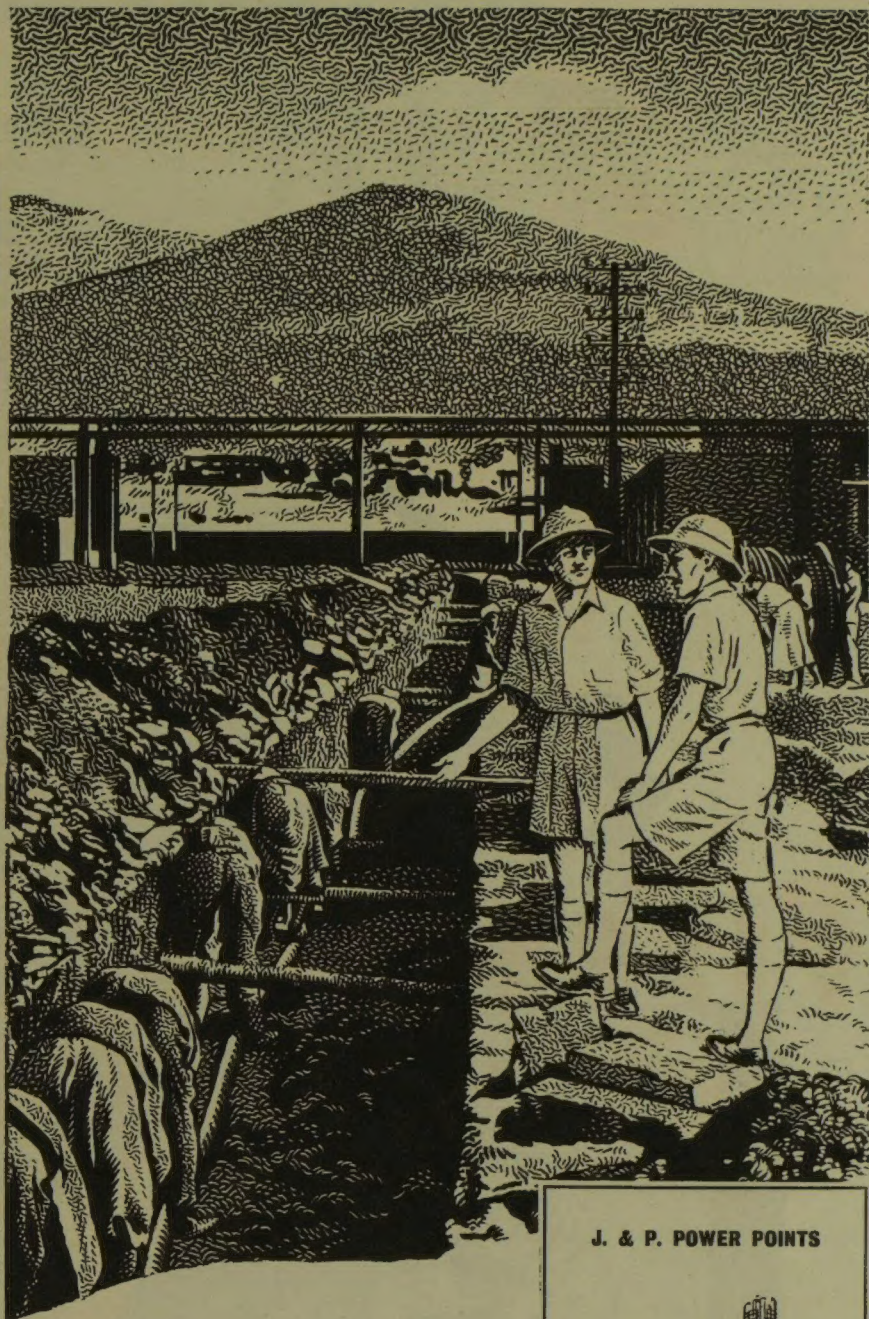
Yes! Quiet, reserved Aunt Meg forging fearlessly ahead in foreign places. And how exciting it all is. But a P & O cruise is like that. The moment you step aboard you begin to loosen up, to live and the old routine is forgotten. New horizons beckon; there are exciting new things to do, interesting people to meet and wonderful, colourful places to visit.

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'J. & P.? You mean Johnson & Phillips?'

'The same. One way and another, you know, they're responsible for most of the electrical transmission in this part of the world'.

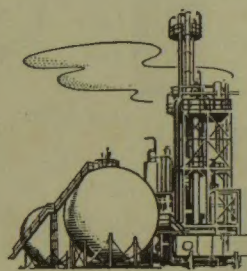
'Didn't they put in all the cabling for the processing plant?'

'Yes, and all the sub-stations . . . as well as the overhead line to the power station. That was a neat piece of engineering if you like'.

'Seems J. & P. know their job'.

'We've always found them a most reliable crowd'.


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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1957.



THE ARCHITECT OF "FULL ACCORD": MR. DUNCAN SANDYS RETURNS FROM HIS ENCOURAGING VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

The Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, arrived at London Airport on February 3 after his week of intensive conferences in Washington. Mr. Sandys said that his discussions with the U.S. Government had left him in no doubt that the Americans, like ourselves, wished to re-establish "fully and at once the special and intimate relationship between our two countries which was momentarily interrupted by recent events." The talks ended late on February 1 and the results were summarised in a cautious communiqué, which Mr. Sandys likened to an iceberg in that there was "more below than there is on top to see." The three main points were: The possible adoption by Britain of certain American weapons was explored, and the two

Governments are to give it further consideration. Secondly, the two Ministers (Mr. Sandys and Mr. Wilson, the U.S. Secretary of Defence) agreed that military capacity, conventional as well as nuclear, must be kept in a high state of readiness, but recognised that financial and economic stability was an essential foundation of military strength, and that this must be taken into account in assessing a country's defence contribution. Thirdly, Mr. Sandys had a meeting with Mr. Dulles at which the international aspects of the military programme were discussed. On February 1, President Eisenhower invited Mr. Sandys to call on him for a private discussion. Mr. Sandys is the first British Minister to call at the White House since the Suez crisis.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I DO not know whether Mr. Elvis Presley is a reality or merely an American folk myth or legend, whether he is a living young man or the inspired creation of some master of transatlantic big-business romance, that supreme American art of the mid-twentieth-century. But reality or legend, the effect of his name on American youth, and British youth, too, I am told, appears to be something of a portent. "Mr. Presley," a contemporary informs us, "is the American youth who at twenty-one was driving a truck for £10 a week, and at twenty-two is commanding fees of £17,000 for single television appearances, singing and playing the guitar. He has sold 16,000,000 records in twelve months, and is worshipped by adolescents on a scale unprecedented even in America. He wears luridly imaginative clothes and has a penchant for black shorts. Like Liberace, he is devoted to Mom, and neither drinks nor smokes. He owns six Cadillacs in assorted pastel shades; his father has retired at the age of thirty-nine."

The critics agree that Presley, who can neither read music nor write it, has an indifferent voice, and that his energetic thwacking of the guitar is tuneless. He has risen on the tide of rock 'n' roll. He throws himself with painful literal-mindedness into his act, standing legs astride, swaying and weaving with a primitive abandon. This, and its reflection in his voice, throws his young audience into a dubious form of ecstasy.*

This takes, it seems, the most astonishing forms. Girls "offer fabulous sums for a single hair from his head," and write "I love you" all over his car—or, rather, cars—in lipstick. "In the last three months 22,000,000 dollars' worth of miscellaneous products have been sold in America because they bear the name Elvis Presley. They included 72,000 pairs of jeans embroidered with his name; 350,000 charm bracelets carrying his photograph, as well as dolls, clothes, shoes, wallets and lipsticks." A Cincinnati ironworks worker—Cincinnati is the name of an industrial city in Mr. Presley's motherland—has even shot his wife, it is said, for being too addicted to this remarkable entertainer's records. Or, as Walt Whitman so prophetically put it, apostrophising America:

Thee in thy only permanent life,
career, thy own unloosen'd
mind, thy soaring spirit,
Thee as another equally needed
sun, radiant, ablaze, swift-
moving, fructifying all,
Thee risen in potent cheerfulness
and joy, in endless great
hilarity,
Scattering for good the cloud
that hung so long, that
weigh'd so long upon the
mind of man,
The doubt, suspicion, dread, of
gradual, certain decadence
of man;
Thee in thy larger, saner brood
of female, male—thee in thy
athletes, moral, spiritual,
South, North, West, East,
(To thy immortal breasts, Mother of all,
thy every daughter, son, endear'd alike,
forever equal),
Thee in thy own musicians, singers,
artists, unborn yet, but certain,
Thee in thy moral wealth and civilization
(until which thy proudest material
civilization must remain in vain), . . .
Thee in an education grown of thee,
in teachers, studies, students, born of thee,
Thee in thy democratic fêtes en-masse,
thy high original festivals, operas,
lecturers, preachers, . . .
In thy resplendent coming literati,
thy full-lung'd orators, thy sacerdotal bards,
kosmic savans.

Mr. Presley, in other words, is the heir of the ages and he and his fans the fulfilment of the bard's vision. Though what Walt Whitman's precise reaction to Mr. Presley in the flesh would be—or even to his young lady admirers—or, for that matter, Mr. Presley's reaction to Mr. Whitman, I am not sure.

What, however, is quite certain is that neither Mr. Presley nor his fans can see anything in the least to repine at in his strenuous art and personality. Just as Kipling "saw naught common" on God's earth, so Mr. Presley can see naught common in his own conception and interpretation of life. "My mammy," he is reported to have said, "wouldn't want me to be vulgar." Nor, one suspects, would his business manager, Mr. Henry G. Saperstein, who, I understand, is at present in England preparing for a personal appearance

tour by his protégé; for Americans of all classes, I notice, are always most insistent on their dislike of vulgarity, just as Russians are insistent on their dislike of "uncultured" behaviour, and would certainly not waste their dollars on anything of which they so strongly disapproved. Another way of putting it is to say that whatever an American does with his whole heart, soul and mind is, in American eyes, good, for it is an uninhibited expression of his or her personality and, therefore, in accord with the central theme of the American tradition and faith. Indeed, Mr. Presley has made this point with some force in another remark attributed to him: "I like to 'send' my fans, it really makes you feel good." To be oneself, to be uninhibited and to rejoice in it, there lies the secret—or, at any rate, one of the secrets—of the American way of life. Even gangsters and bigamists in this extraordinary country have sometimes been able to achieve not only fame, but a kind of respectability and even sanctity; the only exception to this rule of universal acceptance of uninhibited humanity appears to be a recent one made in favour of, or rather against, Communists. Or, as Whitman puts it again:

I myself make the only growth by which I can be appreciated,
I reject none, accept all, then reproduce all in my own forms.

HONOURING THE RETIRING U.S. AMBASSADOR.



AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE RETIRING AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. WINTHROP ALDRICH, ON JANUARY 31: THE PRIME MINISTER (RIGHT) GREETING MR. ALDRICH, WHILE LORD HALIFAX, PRESIDENT OF THE PILGRIMS, LOOKS ON.

To mark the retirement of Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, who had been American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's since 1953, The Pilgrims of Great Britain held a dinner in his honour at the Savoy Hotel. Lord Halifax, a former British Ambassador to Washington, presided and proposed the toast of Mr. Aldrich, which was seconded by the Prime Minister. In his speech Mr. Macmillan stressed the great importance of Anglo-American friendship, and emphasized the vital rôle played by Mr. Aldrich during the recent period of tension. "From my personal knowledge," said Mr. Macmillan, "I can tell you that he has played a remarkable and indeed historic rôle during these anxious weeks. We owe him a debt which we cannot easily repay. . . . It is largely because of what he did during this period that I look forward with such confidence to the complete and successful re-establishment of our relations upon the old level."

creation very painful. Indeed, I often feel that God's love for men may in some ways resemble that of a man's love for some beloved dog, whose very doggishness, even when it takes incongruous and, by human standards, distasteful forms, makes his master's love and pity for him only the greater.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware.

Yet life and creation itself are a two-way process; if God made man, He also made him a free creature in His own image, able to distinguish and choose between good and evil. Liberty is a means to an end and an essential means, but it is not an end in itself. The same is true of man, whose business it is not merely to exist, but to make himself a good man. The purpose of the Declaration of Independence was not merely that man should be at liberty to roll in the dust under the protecting folds of the Star-Spangled Banner, but that he should be free to seek and attain to the highest of which his nature is capable. It is this truth which the great democracies of the United States, Great Britain and France are sometimes in danger of forgetting. Democracy, licence and tyranny are all points, it has been said, on a turning wheel. If we are not careful we may find to our astonishment and dismay that even an Elvis Presley and the uncritical worship he engenders can prove the last and unconscious warning mile-post of that age-long cycle before a Stalin or a Hitler.

A breed whose proof is in
time and deeds,
What we are we are, nativity
is answer enough to objec-
tions,
We wield ourselves as a
weapon is wielded,
We are powerful and
tremendous in ourselves,
We are executive in our-
selves, we are sufficient in
the variety of ourselves,
We are the most beautiful
to ourselves and in our-
selves,
We stand self-pois'd in the
middle, branching thence
over the world,
From Missouri, Nebraska,
or Kansas, laughing
attacks to scorn.

Though whether in Mr. Presley and his peculiar art things are being carried a little too far, I must leave it to Americans to decide.

Yet, though a more inhibited and hidebound Englishman never existed, I am far from believing the American ideal to be an *ignis fatuus*. I believe that human beings were meant to be free, to fulfil themselves, even if their doing so seems bizarre and shocking to their fellow-beings. No one was ever the worse for a little rock-and-roll. I believe that the Maker of the Universe when He implanted in His creatures capacities, instincts and emotions intended them for use; that He rejoices in their exercise and likes to see His creatures fulfil themselves. If He doesn't, He must find the spectacle of His

* "Mr. Presley Finds the Rock of Gold." By Susan Cooper. (*The Sunday Times*, January 27, 1957.)

A ROYAL VISIT TO AMERICA: KING SAUD AND HIS SON IN WASHINGTON.



AFTER ESCORTING HIS GUEST FROM WASHINGTON AIRPORT: MR. EISENHOWER LEAVING KING SAUD AT BLAIR HOUSE, WHERE THE KING AND HIS PARTY STAYED.



ABOUT TO LEAVE WASHINGTON AIRPORT: THE PRESIDENT, KING SAUD AND HIS THREE-YEAR-OLD SON, PRINCE MASHHUR, IN THE PRESIDENT'S CAR.



AT THE END OF HIS STATE VISIT: THE KING WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON (RIGHT) AT HIS BANQUET IN THE PRESIDENT'S HONOUR ON FEB. 1.



ON HIS WAY TO HOSPITAL: PRINCE MASHHUR IS GREETED BY MAJ.-GEN. SNYDER, MR. EISENHOWER'S PERSONAL PHYSICIAN.



IN THE WALTER REED HOSPITAL: PRINCE MASHHUR, WHO HAS SUFFERED FROM SLIGHT PARALYSIS SINCE BIRTH, RUNS ALONG A CORRIDOR WEARING A PAIR OF CORRECTIVE SHOES.

After his somewhat cool reception in New York, where he arrived by sea on January 29, King Saud of Saudi Arabia was most cordially received in Washington, where he travelled in the Presidential aircraft on the following day. President Eisenhower went to the airport to welcome his guest, and escorted him to Blair House, the Presidential guest house, where the King and his party stayed during the three-day State Visit. In the midst of a crowded



FATHER AND SON AT THE HOSPITAL: KING SAUD WITH THE PRINCE, WHOSE EXAMINATION BY MILITARY PHYSICIANS HAD BEEN ARRANGED BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

programme of official engagements, King Saud had several talks with the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, and also with the President, which were later reported by Mr. Dulles to "have gone extremely well." King Saud was accompanied by his eighteenth son, three-year-old Prince Mashhur. The Prince, who has been suffering from slight paralysis of his right arm and leg since birth, entered the Walter Reed hospital on January 31 for an examination,

OCCASIONS EPISCOPAL AND AERONAUTIC: NEWS ITEMS FROM ENGLAND AND FLORIDA.



WORKING ON THE WRECKAGE OF A VAMPIRE JET, WHICH CRASHED IN THE AVON GORGE, AFTER FLYING UNDER THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BRISTOL. An hour before the disbandment parade of 501 Squadron, R.Aux.A.F., one of the squadron's pilots flew a Vampire jet under the Clifton Suspension Bridge and in trying to pull out crashed into the Somerset bank of the gorge. The pilot was killed.



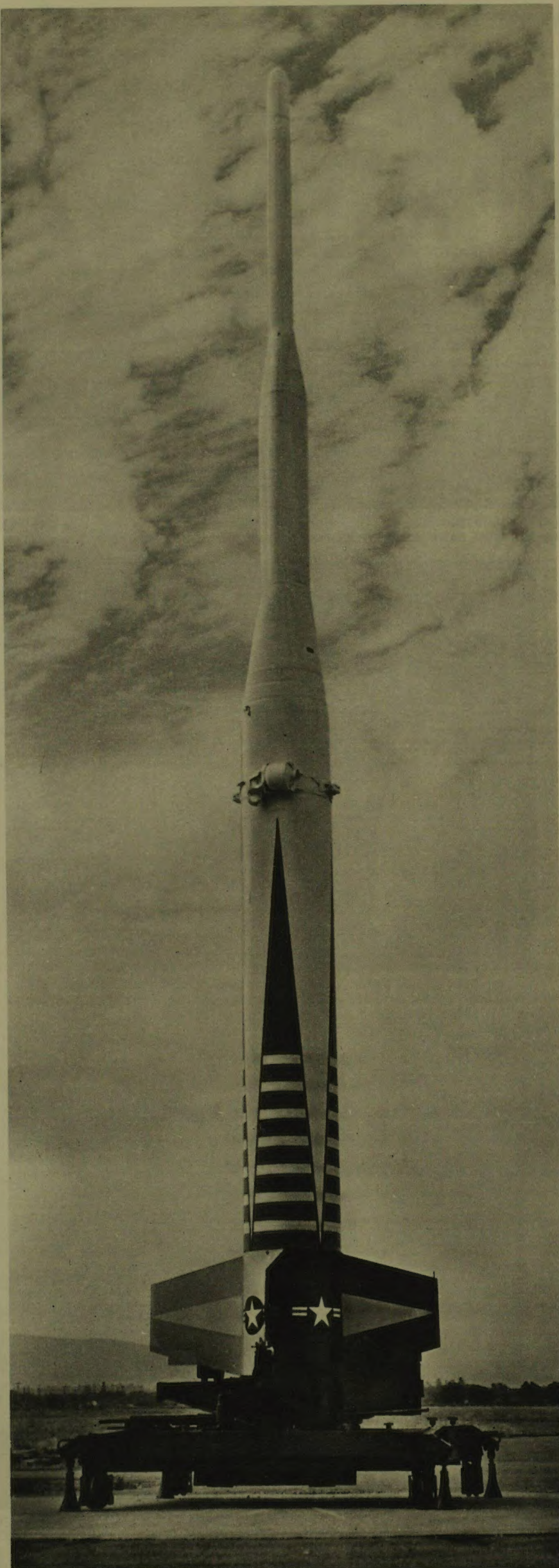
THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF ELY (CENTRE BEFORE THE EPISCOPAL STALL). ON HIS LEFT IS THE DEAN OF ELY, AND ON HIS RIGHT, THE ARCHDEACON OF CANTERBURY.

On February 2 the Right Rev. Noel Baring Hudson, Bishop of Newcastle since 1941, was enthroned and installed as Bishop of Ely. Taking part in the service were the Dean of Ely, the Very Rev. C. P. Hankey, and the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Ven. A. Sargent.



A GREETING FOR THE ARCHBISHOP-ELECT OF WESTMINSTER: A LARGE CROWD AT EUSTON, WITH IRISH PIPERS PLAYING "FAITH OF OUR FATHERS."

On February 3 the Roman Catholic Archbishop-elect of Westminster, Mgr. William Godfrey, arrived in London from Liverpool, where thousands had lined the streets to wish him farewell. About 2000 greeted the arrival of his train at Euston, and other crowds gathered around Westminster Cathedral to welcome him to London.



THE LOCKHEED X-17, A THREE-STAGE ROCKET TEST MISSILE FOR UPPER ATMOSPHERE BALLISTIC RESEARCH, BEING PREPARED FOR LAUNCHING AT PATRICK U.S.A.F. BASE, FLORIDA.

This missile, which is said to weigh 6 tons and to be as tall as a four-storey house, is being used to provide information on the problems which arise when a ballistic missile re-enters the earth's atmosphere from the ionosphere at high speed. It is claimed to be less expensive than the long-range ballistic weapon it simulates.



VOTING AGAINST A RETURN TO WORK: PART OF THE CROWD AT THE MASS MEETING, ON FEBRUARY 1, OF MEN ON STRIKE AT BRIGGS MOTOR BODIES.

ON January 25 the management of Briggs Motor Bodies, Dagenham, a subsidiary of the Ford Motor Company, suspended five shop stewards. More than 600 workers immediately went on strike. By January 29 production at Briggs had ceased entirely. About half of the total labour force of 10,000 men were on strike and the remainder had been sent home. Lack of motor bodies made many men idle at the neighbouring Ford plant, where production finally stopped on the following day. On Jan. 31 the national executive of the Amalgamated Engineering Union agreed that a return to work at Briggs must precede negotiations between the employees and the proprietors, but a mass meeting at Briggs voted against a return to work. This present dispute comes as the climax of a long period of bad labour relations at Briggs, where Communist influence among the workers is strong, and where there were over 200 unofficial strikes last year. A mass meeting at Briggs on February 4 voted for a conditional return to work on the following day.



AT A STANDSTILL BECAUSE OF THE BRIGGS STRIKE: THE CAR ASSEMBLY LINE AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY DAGENHAM PLANT, WHERE WORK STOPPED ON JANUARY 30. AT ONE TIME 21,000 OUT OF 33,000 FORD WORKERS WERE IDLE.

5 MEN SUSPENDED—5000 STRIKE—21,000 IDLE: A COSTLY DISPUTE AT BRIGGS MOTOR BODIES, DAGENHAM.

THERE will be a great deal to be said about British defence policy and strategy this year, in particular about its relations with American and N.A.T.O. defence. The time will come for a certain amount of detail to be published in the form of command papers and otherwise. Until that occurs, detailed discussion does not seem profitable. It will, however, I hope, be worth while to consider the general background as we have seen it developing of late. Generalities on such a subject are not to be condemned so long as they are employed only as a stage in the discussion. They may help us to reach a better understanding of the problems.

At the time of writing, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, is in Washington, where he would appear to have been received with cordiality. One object of his visit is clear and has only a limited relation to the semi-philosophical approach which I am attempting to-day. He hopes to obtain certain guided weapons, the use of which might lead to economies in British defence expenditure. The discussions, however, extend to planning in the employment of such weapons, and that is high strategy. It may be taken that they also extend to every aspect of strategy and bring into account the Eisenhower doctrine, British ideas on re-trenchment, and various other topics. On January 29 Mr. Sandys said, after conversations with Mr. Dulles, that the two countries were in "full accord" about military strategy.

Are we to take this as meaning that Washington approves of what we are doing at home? If so, what exactly are we doing at home? Many commentators have already declared with confidence that Washington will not welcome the cutting of British strength on the Continent. What may be called the more sensational view of the Prime Minister's policy is that he has stripped the service departments of doughty defenders in Brigadier Head, Lord Hailsham, and Mr. Birch in order to leave them helpless against his shears, wielded by Mr. Sandys. It may not be as bad as this, but the Prime Minister's intentions are undoubtedly the subject of some anxiety, not all of it in this country. In the Territorial Army there is speculation about its future prospects.

I should imagine that the Government's plans for economies in the fighting forces look forward to these becoming "substantial" rather than "sensational." However, with the major weapons growing costlier and prices still rising generally, substantial financial saving may mean more than substantial cuts in manpower and material. This concerns the Government. Meanwhile the alternative Government, the Labour Party, is pressing for the abolition of compulsory military service by short stages. When one hears of the urgent need for saving, for what is called "streamlining," and so on, one is not unprepared to agree. Then one recalls nervously how often all this has happened before. The circumstances are, no doubt, exceptional now, but the dealings of politicians in

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITAIN AND THE U.S.A.—"FULL ACCORD."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

our country with defence have been, in general, disastrous.

The United States talks less about saving money, but more about saving manpower. There are signs, though they are still small, of a tendency to return to the post-war ideal that the United States should provide the air forces—and now much of the material also—and other countries the "ground troops," an abhorrent title probably invented by airmen. It appears to be taken as an axiom that the United States would not fight another Korean War, and this consideration applies as much to the Middle East, where the Eisenhower policy stresses direct American interest, as to anywhere else. It would certainly appear that the United States will become less capable of fighting any war without nuclear weapons, major or minor.

This tendency may be inevitable from the point of view of American public opinion. As a policy,

Atlantic Treaty and the direct commitment to European defence which followed. This benefit, however, can live only on what created it. Without that the malady would recur. People are worried about the question in the United States, too. *The Times* quotes a reporter who asked the President at his conference whether there was not

a risk of creating so pacific a mood "that we would not want to go to any kind of war, brush fire, police action, or whatever." The President assured him that he had never encouraged such a sentiment.

The United States is by far the most powerful signatory of the North Atlantic Treaty, and Britain comes second. France, still the third, has greatly reduced her forces on the Continent at the disposal of N.A.T.O. as a result of her difficulties in North Africa. The American and British commitments to N.A.T.O., and the attitude of the two countries to its rôle, are therefore of supreme importance. The present Supreme Commander and the last have alike voiced their belief that the forces at their disposal are inadequate for their task—and now those forces are to be reduced, numerically at least, by both the United States and Britain. Each of them has made it clear that he regards the "trip-wire" theory of the

rôle of the N.A.T.O. forces as fallacious.

It is hardly open to doubt that there is room for savings in the forces of these two States—there always is when any official enterprise has been running for any length of time on the same lines. But alas! economising statesmen, especially when they intend to make their main economies out of the defence of their countries, are apt to advance presumptions as facts and to bring forward arguments for their actions while concealing those which point the opposite way. The situation is not improved by the habit of simplification, and the refusal to admit any qualification of a statement, found in many popular newspapers. The whole question of N.A.T.O. defence must, in fact, be subject to many qualifications.

If, as is generally believed, the likelihood of a nuclear

war has lessened, this is clearly a process which should be encouraged to continue. I feel confident that to create armed forces virtually incapable of fighting any other kind of war would not be disarmament in spirit. I began by saying that I meant to deal in generalities and that there would probably be opportunities of treating the subject on a more factual basis later on. My treatment being what it is, however, will not lead me to condemn acts or policies. Facts would be needed for that. All that I can attempt to-day is to utter a warning about tendencies which may threaten danger to British and American forces, to N.A.T.O. and to the preservation of peace, if they are not kept under control. In no event will politicians be entitled to put the responsibility for their actions on the public in this country, where it has always taken an objective view and been ready to listen to experienced advice. Responsibility lies with our rulers.



AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON: MR. DUNCAN SANDYS, BRITAIN'S MINISTER OF DEFENCE, CONFERRING WITH MR. DULLES, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE (RIGHT).

When Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence, arrived in New York on January 26 on his way to Washington, he said: "I have come here to talk about co-operation in the future, and not about past differences." On January 27, when Mr. Sandys arrived in Washington, Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, invited him to his home for an informal hour's talk on world affairs. Mr. Sandys was the first London official to be given a personal reception by Mr. Dulles or President Eisenhower since the rift between Britain and America over Suez. The Anglo-American defence talks began on January 28, and on the following day Mr. Sandys said: "The talks have been very happy indeed. The atmosphere of our talks has been cordial and constructive, and I am talking about the ones in the Pentagon as well." Mr. Sandys interrupted his Washington talks on January 30 for an overnight visit to Ottawa and returned to the American capital on the following day.

however, it has dangers on both sides. Carthage provided the money for her wars against Rome while fighting them largely with mercenaries from Spain, Gaul, Africa, and Italy. She thus put herself at a moral disadvantage as against Rome. The word "boys" when used about soldiers introduces a sentimental fallacy. Armies in war are composed in the main of young men; few nations will admit that their "boys" are less valuable or less needed for the future of their countries of the world than those of the United States. Were it firmly believed that the United States intended to act on the contrary assumption, the American object, the prevention of Communist aggression, would be confounded.

The defeatism and hankering after neutrality in Western Europe which was so prevalent and so dangerous was, to a great extent, dispersed by the American policy which brought about the North

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—I.



EGYPT. PROGRESS IN CLEARING THE SUEZ CANAL: U.N. SALVAGE VESSELS AT WORK ON RAISING THE SUNKEN EGYPTIAN LANDING-SHIP *AKKA*.

Thirty-one vessels are now reported to be working under Lieut.-General Wheeler, who is in charge of the United Nations clearance operations in the Suez Canal. On February 1 the landing-ship *Akka*, described as the most formidable obstacle, was righted and was to be towed out of the traffic lane.



EGYPT. REMOVING THE *AKKA* FROM THE SUEZ CANAL: THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE RIGHTED WRECK, WITH AN EGYPTIAN DREDGER IN THE BACKGROUND.



YUGOSLAVIA. ON A RECENT HUNTING TRIP: PRESIDENT TITO, WITH GUN AND DOG, POSES WITH SOME OF THE DIPLOMATS HE HAD INVITED TO JOIN HIM.



THAILAND. AT A FUNCTION AT DON MUANG AIRPORT: KING BHUMIBOL ADULYADEH OF THAILAND, AND HIS WIFE, QUEEN SIRIKIT.



INDIA. AT A FESTIVAL OF INDIAN FOLK-DANCING IN NEW DELHI: THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. NEHRU, TAKES PART IN ONE OF THE COLOURFUL DANCES.



GERMANY. CABIN SCOOTERS FOR THE POLICE AT MAINZ: A POLICEMAN ON A CONVENTIONAL MOTOR-CYCLE BECKONS TO A COLLEAGUE IN A CABIN SCOOTER. THESE ARE NOW BEING USED TO GIVE POLICE PATROLS GREATER PROTECTION FROM THE WEATHER.



GAMBIA, WEST AFRICA. SHOT BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON JANUARY 30 DURING HIS JOURNEY UP THE GAMBIA RIVER: A 13-FT. CROCODILE. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in the Royal yacht *Britannia* at Bathurst, Gambia, on January 29. On the following day he journeyed up the Gambia River, and he shot this crocodile in Saliken Creek. He attended the annual conference of the chiefs of the Gambia.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—II.



PARIS. THE WRECKAGE OF A FRENCH AIRLINER WHICH CRASHED AT ORLY AIRPORT AND OVERTURNED WITH THE LOSS OF ONLY ONE LIFE.

On January 29 a four-engined *Armagnac* airliner, on the Tunis-Paris route, crashed on landing at Orly Airport and broke in two. There were fifty-seven passengers and a crew of nine on board; about thirty were injured, but only one person was killed. He was Habib Djellouli, a former Tunisian Minister, who died next day.



PARIS. AFTER THE FRENCH AIRLINER CRASHED AT ORLY: FIREMEN AND RESCUERS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CENTRE SECTION OF THE OVERTURNED AIRCRAFT, WHICH BROKE IN TWO.



GLASGOW. AT QUEEN'S DOCK: OFFICERS SALUTING AS THE PAKISTAN ENSIGN WAS HOISTED IN THE FORMER BRITISH DESTROYER *CADIZ*, WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY PAKISTAN.



RUSSIA. ON THE FROZEN RIVER DNIEPER: SOVIET ANGLERS FISHING THROUGH HOLES IN THE ICE HAVE SOME GOOD CATCHES.



FRANCE. AT BEAULIEU STATION ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA: THE SCENE AFTER A RAILWAY CRASH IN WHICH TWO PEOPLE WERE SERIOUSLY INJURED AND TONS OF FUEL OIL WERE LOST.



NEW YORK. NEAR THE CITY GAOL ON RIKERS ISLAND: THE BURNT-OUT AIRLINER WHICH CRASHED AFTER TAKING OFF FROM LA GUARDIA AIRFIELD.

On February 1 a DC-6 Miami-bound airliner crashed and caught fire on Rikers Island within seconds of taking off in a snowstorm from La Guardia Airfield, New York. More than a hundred people were on board, twenty of whom were killed. Some of the survivors were treated at the hospital of the city gaol on Rikers Island.



SICILY. A MUTINY AT PALERMO GAOL: SOME OF THE PRISONERS WHO BARRICADED THEMSELVES ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING.

On January 31 police using tear gas and firearms, and supported by armoured cars, quelled a mutiny by hundreds of rioting prisoners in Ucciardone gaol in Palermo. The outbreak began on the previous day when the prisoners demanded the replacement of the prison governor. They overpowered their guards and climbed on the roof.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—III.



PAKISTAN. A LARGE CROWD IN KARACHI DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE INTEGRATION OF KASHMIR INTO INDIA.

On January 26, following the official integration of Kashmir into India, demonstrations against the Indian action took place in many parts of Pakistan. Effigies of Mr. Nehru were burnt, black flags of mourning were displayed and slogans such as "Kashmir is ours" were raised.



PAKISTAN. ANOTHER OF THE DEMONSTRATIONS IN KARACHI AGAINST INDIA'S INTEGRATION OF KASHMIR: STUDENTS CARRYING A BLACK FLAG OF MOURNING.



INDIA. "NO MILK, THANK YOU": MARSHAL ZHUKOV AND MR. NEHRU TAKING TEA TOGETHER AT NEW DELHI ON JANUARY 27.

On January 26, two days after his arrival in India for a 17-day tour, Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, was present in New Delhi to watch the Republic Day parade. The above incident occurred the following day at another parade in the city.



U.S.A. AT THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY: DR. FAWZI, OF EGYPT, CONFERRING WITH MR. KRISHNA MENON (R.), OF INDIA, DURING A DEBATE ON THE MIDDLE EAST.

On Jan. 28 the U.N. discussion on the Israeli withdrawal continued. Israel is demanding safeguards in the Gaza Strip and the Gulf of Akaba before withdrawing, whereas the Arab countries and other nations are insisting first of all on Israel's withdrawal.



SWEDEN. THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE SWEDISH SOLDIER ACCIDENTALLY KILLED IN EGYPT, SEEN HERE IN THE AIRCRAFT WHICH BROUGHT IT TO STOCKHOLM. The U.N. Emergency Force in the Middle East sustained its first casualty when a Swedish soldier was accidentally shot dead at a camp at El Arish on January 24. The body was later flown from Cairo to Stockholm in a Swedish airliner.



SINAI. RETURNED TO ISRAEL BY EGYPT: THE FOUR ISRAELI PRISONERS OF WAR. NEARLY 6000 EGYPTIAN PRISONERS ARE BEING RETURNED.

On January 27 four Israeli prisoners of war were handed over by Egypt to the U.N. forces at Rafah, in Sinai. Israel is to return to Egypt a total of nearly 6000 Egyptians who were taken prisoner during the Sinai campaign.

A WINDOW THROUGH WHICH YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE WORLD—IV.



(Left.)
ARCTIC REGIONS.
ON A DRIFTING ICE-FLOE NORTH-WEST OF THE BERING STRAIT: AN OBSERVATION TOWER OF THE SOVIET OBSERVATION STATION.

(Right.)
A FORMAL ENTRANCE TO A CAMP OF STURDY HUTS: A GENERAL VIEW OF "NORTH POLE 6," AS THE RUSSIANS HAVE NAMED THIS OBSERVATION STATION.

The Russians have set up a series of well-equipped scientific observation stations in the Polar region. They are established on ice-floes, which drift considerable distances with the wind and current. These photographs were taken on one of these stations which is now north-west of the Bering Strait, and is reported to have floated over 1250 miles in nine months.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. WINDING THROUGH SALISBURY: THE FUNERAL OF LORD LLEWELLIN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. AT THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE FEDERAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING AT SALISBURY: MOURNERS PASS BY THE COFFIN OF LORD LLEWELLIN. The funeral of Lord Llewellyn, who died on January 24, took place in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, on January 27. Lord Llewellyn had been appointed the first Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in 1953. At the funeral the Queen was represented by the Acting Governor-General, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Tredgold.



EGYPT. AT THE RUSSIAN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN CAIRO: PRESIDENT NASSER (RIGHT CENTRE) DISCUSSING A MODEL OF AN OIL REFINERY WITH A RUSSIAN ENGINEER. At the end of last month the large Soviet industrial exhibition caused widespread interest in Cairo, and President Nasser was among the visitors. On January 27 it was announced that Russia was to make a gift to Egypt of all the exhibits, of which the value was given as £500,000.



LONDON. AT A CEREMONY MARKING THE TERCENTENARY OF FLEET STREET'S FIRST COFFEE-HOUSE: THE LORD MAYOR ENJOYING A CLAY PIPE AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cullum Welch, attended a ceremony on January 29 at the Cheshire Cheese tavern to mark the tercentenary of Fleet Street's first coffee-house. Having arrived in a sedan chair, the Lord Mayor partook of traditional entertainment.



BEFORE THE START OF A PRACTICE GAME: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (LEFT OF BOYS) JOINING IN THE GENERAL KICK-ABOUT.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (CENTRE) PRACTISING SHORT GROUND PASSES.



DOWN THE WING: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (RIGHT) HAS THE BALL UNDER CONTROL.



GETTING HIS FEET TO THE BALL: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (LEFT) DURING THE GAME.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (LEFT) IS TACKLED BY A FELLOW PUPIL.



HAVING BEATEN HIS MAN THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (RIGHT) CLEARS THE BALL.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AS A SCHOOLBOY: A ROYAL PUPIL ENJOYS SOME FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

On January 28 the Duke of Cornwall, who was eight last November, completed his first full day's attendance at a school in London. He is the first Heir to the Throne to receive his preparatory education outside a Royal home. The school is attended by 102 boys between the ages of five and nine and a half. Some of the boys were already known to the Duke of Cornwall, as he had been joining them for afternoon games since last term. Apart from the headmaster, a former Artillery colonel and England athlete who started

the school five years ago, there is an all-women teaching staff of ten. Our photographs on this page show the Duke of Cornwall taking part in a lively game of football on the playing field, which is about a mile from the school. The Duke of Edinburgh, Princes Charles' father, went to a preparatory school when he was nine and later to Gordonstoun. Prince Charles' grandfather, King George VI, was educated privately by tutors until he was thirteen. He then spent two years at Osborne and two more at Dartmouth.



THE GREAT WALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE: THE THEODOSIAN WALL SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE AND LOOKING TOWARDS TOPKAPI, WHERE MEHMET II BREACHED THE WALL IN 1453.



THE WALL OF MANUEL COMNENUS, WHICH DATES FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY: IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND IS THE THEODOSIAN WALL—SEE ALSO THE LOWER LEFT DRAWING.



THE THEODOSIAN WALL (CENTRE FOREGROUND) WITH (LEFT) THE MANY-TOWERED WALL OF MANUEL COMNENUS, A LATER EXTENSION BUILT TO PROTECT THE BLACHERNÆ PALACE.

"ONE OF THE MAJOR MONUMENTS OF EUROPE": THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

In our issue of October 1, 1955, we published a large reconstruction drawing of the Constantinople of the Byzantine Emperors, by Alan Sorrell. This was an aerial view showing many of the splendours of that great world capital, and especially its walls—the earlier Wall of Constantine and the great Theodosian Wall, with the extension built by Manuel Comnenus. This drawing was accompanied by an article by Professor D. Talbot Rice on the remains of Byzantine Constantinople; and, indeed, the drawing was based on his recommendations. When Mr. Sorrell, however, visited Istanbul in the summer of 1954, he filled his notebook with many drawings, sketches and water-colours of this astonishing city; and we reproduce here four of the most striking and

those which bear on the present condition of the walls. As Professor Talbot Rice wrote in his article: "The land walls still constitute one of the chief glories of the city, for though they . . . are sadly battered in places, their general aspect has been but little changed since they served to defend the Greek and Christian city against the advances of Islam in 1453. Indeed, in places one can imagine that the siege only took place a few decades ago. The land walls of Constantinople are, in fact, one of the major monuments of Europe, both from the spectacular and the historical point of view. The Turks should preserve them, for they not only constitute one of the outstanding examples of military architecture in Europe, but also serve to attest the might of conquering

Water-colours specially drawn for "The



THE THEODOSIAN WALL LOOKING TOWARDS TOPKAPI. THIS GREAT WALL HAS ALWAYS BEEN NEIGHBOURED BY GARDENS, BUT NOW IN SOME PARTS INDUSTRY BEGINS TO ENCR OACH.

THE SURE SAFEGUARD OF THE GREAT WORLD CAPITAL FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS.

Turkey, for the Turks were the first to breach them, in spite of many attempts between their construction in the fifth century and the final conquest of 1453." Two of the drawings are closely related to this latter aspect, since they are of that middle section of the Theodosian Wall, near the Topkapi Gate (formerly the Gate of St. Romanus). It was opposite this gate that Mehmet II pitched his tent in 1453; and his cannon battered the gate—hence its present name, Topkapi meaning cannon—and stone cannon-balls thrown by this cannon are still hanging on the inside of the gate. The Wall of Manuel Comnenus was the last addition to the walls and was built by that Emperor to provide a protection to the Palace of Blachernæ at the beginning of the twelfth century.

Illustrated London News " by Alan Sorrell.

It is a single wall, without a moat, with numerous close-set towers, of which thirteen survive. Part of the Blachernæ Palace still survives under the name of Teklour Serai, but even this is being rapidly encroached upon by a glass factory. The original Wall of Constantine was superseded in A.D. 413 by another built by Anthemius to the order of Theodosius II and known as the Theodosian Wall, a single enceinte wall. To this wall in A.D. 447 Constantine Cyrus added an outer enceinte, a scarp and counterscarps with the moat. The walls of Heraclius (A.D. 627) and Leo V (A.D. 813-820) provided further additions; and in the twelfth century the Wall of Manuel Comnenus extended the Theodosian Wall at its north-east end, beside the Golden Horn.

A PRINCE OF SIAM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"The Twain Have Met, or An Eastern Prince Came West." By H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA of THAILAND.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IF a man has had a variegated life, and lived it with zest, if he is responsive to beauty and has a sense of humour, if he enjoys the shades of human character, and if he has a gift for expressing himself in a manner both graphic and natural, he can hardly not succeed with a book of reminiscences. Prince Chula of Siam (as English people of old custom still call his country) has all those qualities as well as an intelligent interest in religion, history and politics and a relish for certain sports, notably motor-racing (he managed his celebrated cousin "B. Bira") and rowing, at which he "got his Leander" as a cox for First Trinity, though recurrent hay-fever robbed him of the chance of



THE AUTHOR'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER: KING MONGKUT OF SIAM (1804-68), THE HISTORICAL ORIGINAL OF THE FICTIONAL HERO OF "THE KING AND I."

greater successes still. The result of all this is that he has produced a substantial and kaleidoscopic book, marked sometimes by deep feeling, and sometimes by carefree jollity, crowded with anecdotes, yet so far from being just a string of anecdotes that many readers may well remember it rather as a mine of instruction than as the work of an engaging raconteur. For myself I must gratefully admit that if he got half as much pleasure out of writing the book as I have got out of reading it—twice at that—he must have found its composition an agreeable task.

Its title is significant in more than one way. To begin with, his mother was a Russian lady, whom his father, Chakrabongse, met when he was one of the Tsar Nicholas II's young Hussar officers, after having started as a member of the *Corps des pages*. That was the strongest of links with the West, and it meant a certain parting, though never an estrangement or alienation, from the East. For his father, a son of the famous King Chulalongkorn, was, when he died young, Heir Presumptive to the Siamese throne, which two of his brothers occupied. He, had he lived, would probably have become King. His son Chula would not have become King. It was against the rules. I conjecture, without authority, that had that very efficient soldier Chakrabongse married a Princess of Burma or Cambodia, there would have been no more thought of miscegenation than for centuries there has been in Europe where all the Royal Families of all the countries have been members of one family and one caste—although things became rather lopsided after the Reformation when Protestant Germany presented us all with hundreds of princely families, deemed marriageable to kings, most of whom, in regard to acreage, money and prestige, could have been eaten up by any decent English Duke, whose daughters would have been considered only morganatically possible. With the Mongolian Siamese it was, quite sensibly, a matter not of nationality but of race. They didn't like mongrelisation. I dare say that if an

English heir to the throne wanted to marry, I won't say a Negress, but a Chinese woman, a similar reaction might set in here.

However, Prince Chula, albeit half European, was a Siamese prince. His first chapters give a good summary of Siamese history, especially since the end of the eighteenth century when his dynasty, through force and a regrettable execution, reached the throne. All his childhood was spent in Siamese palaces: especially in that of his bereaved grandmother who, after her husband's death, turned night into day in her palace, and had this future motor-driver, little and tired, sleeping on a mat behind her bed while she gloomily talked to her old friends. It was the old Siam. The King was an Absolute Monarch. The Royal Palaces in every Oriental and Occidental style sprouted like mushrooms. The Queens, at that time numerous, were almost smothered with jewels. The regalia included a golden spittoon. The Royal gardens, beyond Bangkok, were periodically destroyed by floods—the flatness of his country led to Prince Chula almost worshipping the Jungfrau when he first saw it. Prince Chula was completely petted. Then he came to England to a crammer. His uncle, the King, had been at Eton. He hadn't been happy there (I rather think he endowed a garden there) but he wanted his nephew to go there. Prince Chula had not been entered at birth, so he couldn't get into Eton. He went to Harrow, after a comic interlude at a crammer's, found himself at Harrow in a master's private house with only two other boys and, in the end, went to Cambridge, Trinity, because he thought that at the largest college in Cambridge he wouldn't be as secluded as he had been.

He wasn't. He made innumerable friends and, I dare say, is making them still. He was here and so he was able to represent his country at every sort of public occasion. Our King George V had been very kind to him (and made to him many a straight naval remark) and he was at King George's funeral. He went to Courts and Leves, he went to the funeral of King Albert of the Belgians, he made friends with Paul of Greece and Umberto of Italy, and (it is rather touching) wherever he went aged Princes used to say to him "I knew your father: 'Dear old Lek,' he was such a good soul."

Now Prince Chula, married to an Englishwoman, is living in Cornwall. He is quite frank



BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE STATE BANQUET ON JUNE 3, 1953: PRINCE CHULA AND HIS WIFE. SHE WORE A DRESS OF PINK AND GOLD THAI SILK AND A DIAMOND-STUDDED GOLD BELT AND DIAMOND BUCKLE. [Photograph by Fayer.]

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Twain Have Met, or An Eastern Prince Came West"; by courtesy of the publisher, Foulis.

all the way, from his undergraduate days onwards, about the amount of money he was allowed under his father's will. It appears that now, although he gives enormous amounts to charities in Siam, he still possesses enough to enable him to move freely, think freely and write freely. I can only presume that he escapes the English taxation which forces us English to pay for

other people's children at the Universities which our own descendants will never be able to enter.

There is too much in this gay and gallant book for me to record. "I have been up," says Prince



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA OF THAILAND.

H.R.H. Prince Chula of Thailand was born in Bangkok in 1908, the son of Prince Chakrabongse. His grandfather was Rama V (King Chulalongkorn) and his great-grandfather was Rama IV, known to history as King Mongkut. Prince Chula Chakrabongse was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and married an English girl in 1938. For many years he acted as manager for his celebrated cousin, Prince Bira (B. Bira), the great racing driver.

Photograph by Rahm.



IN 1922: THE AUTHOR WITH HIS MOTHER DURING A VISIT WHICH SHE PAID TO HIM IN LONDON.

Chula, "to the top floor of the Empire State Building in New York as well as the very top of the dome of St. Peter's in Rome. I have seen the same cabaret act in Copenhagen and New Orleans. I have watched the opening of Parliament in Westminster by three different Sovereigns, and seen Mussolini welcome King Victor Emmanuel in the Italian Chamber. I saw Philip Snowden make his first Budget speech and heard Messrs. Attlee and Churchill in an altercation about the North Atlantic Command. I have been given a table, because I had forgotten to book, in the crowded New York Stork Club only because my wife was beautiful and chic. I have visited the ruins of Angkor and the falls of Niagara. I met King Farouk when he was eighteen, and King Ghazi of Iraq was my fag at school. My wife was given a gorgeous bullfighting costume by the handsome matador, Luis Miguel Dominguin. I heard the great driver Nuvolari say how corners should be taken, and Sir James Jeans told me there was no connection between astronomy and astrology."

There is a lot more; conversations with Sir Winston Churchill, for example. But I don't mind admitting that the best things in the book to me are the exchanges between the little Siamese Prince and our King George V who spoke many times to the natural boy from Siam in a natural nautical way. For all those encounters, some of them occurring during the most august ceremonies, I must refer the reader to this enchanting book.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 240 of this issue.

* "The Twain Have Met, or An Eastern Prince Came West." By H.R.H. Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Thailand. Illustrations and a Map. (G. T. Foulis; 25s.)



A PICTURE OF WRETCHEDNESS: A WOMAN AT HER MAKESHIFT STALL IN THE DEVASTATED CITY.

THE CITY OF DESPAIR: THE AFTERMATH OF REVOLUTION IN BUDAPEST—I.

The after-effects of the revolt in Hungary are far more severe and are likely to be far longer-lasting than those of the troubles in Poland. Since the Polish disturbance was not a flagrant rebuff to the cause of Communism, it has been possible for Mr. Gomulka to retain leadership and succeed in arriving at a compromise with the Kremlin. Events in Hungary, however, were a complete betrayal of the idea of the workers' paradise. This led to the installation of the puppet Kadar régime which

has notoriously failed to win popular support and co-operation. With the workers' councils determined to continue their passive resistance to the puppet régime there is little prospect of conditions improving in the near future. In the meantime, Mr. Nagy remains in obscure captivity, Cardinal Mindszenty is taking refuge at the American Legation in Budapest, and the peasant leader, Bela Kovacs, is living in the country, having retired from politics.



THE IRON HAND OF GOVERNMENT: ARMED POLICE ON DUTY OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO A BUDAPEST STORE.



A RECENT SCENE IN BUDAPEST: A LARGE CROWD ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE A DEPARTMENT STORE. AN ARMED POLICEMAN IS IN THE FOREGROUND.

THE CITY OF DESPAIR: THE AFTERMATH OF REVOLUTION IN BUDAPEST—II.

Following the termination of active resistance by the Hungarians, the Kadar Government has attempted in various ways to gain popular support and to reorganise the country's economy. Many of the leaders of the revolution have been dealt with in secret tribunals. The Kadar régime—the total membership of which is only a very small section of the whole population—has not

succeeded in winning popular support. The secret police has been re-formed, large numbers of Russian forces are still stationed in Hungary and order is maintained in Budapest by armed police. Although the people of Budapest are no longer fighting, their discontent continues and during the past two months has flared up from time to time in isolated minor demonstrations.



AMONG THE LATEST VICTIMS OF REPRESSION BY THE KADAR REGIME: THE WRITERS' ASSOCIATION. THE SCENE AT A RECENT MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION.



SOME OF THE LEADERS OF THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE'S CAMPAIGN OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE: THE WORKERS' COUNCIL AT THE STEEL CENTRE OF DUNAPENTELE.

THE CITY OF DESPAIR: THE AFTERMATH OF REVOLUTION IN BUDAPEST—III.

The Kadar régime has been anxiously coaxing the Hungarian workers in its efforts to secure greater production and to break down passive resistance. The students, journalists and writers, on the other hand, have been subjected to purges and other forms of repression. The manifesto issued by the workers' central council early in January shows, however, that far from conforming

with the desires of the Kadar régime the workers are strongly opposed to it, and determined to continue with passive resistance and acts of sabotage. A number of Hungarian writers have been imprisoned recently. Among them were Gyula Hay and Zoltan Zelk. Journalists' unions have been broken up and student organisations purged.



SALVAGING SCRAPS OF CLOTHING AND MATERIAL FROM DEBRIS PILED UP NEAR A BURNED-OUT DEPARTMENT STORE.



REFLECTING THE SHORTAGES SUFFERED BY THE PEOPLE OF BUDAPEST: HUNGARIANS RUMMAGING FOR CLOTHING IN PILES OF DEBRIS.



A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION NEAR THE KILIAN BARRACKS: A GIRL STACKING BOOKS RETRIEVED FROM THE WRECKAGE.



A PATHETIC SYMBOL OF THE FUEL SHORTAGE IN BUDAPEST: A YOUNG BOY CARRYING HOME A PIECE OF FIREWOOD HE HAS FOUND.

THE CITY OF DESPAIR: THE AFTERMATH OF REVOLUTION IN BUDAPEST—IV.

Nearly three months after the outbreak of the uprising in Hungary organised mass resistance ceased. Neither armed bands nor groups of factory strikers are continuing to resist on a large scale, and for the time being non-co-operation and passive resistance appear to be the Hungarians' only weapons against the puppet Kadar régime and its supporting Russian troops.

In Budapest there are shortages of various goods caused partly by the policy of the workers of producing only the minimum requirements of the population. The Kadar Government have been making "frantic" efforts to renew trade ties with capitalist countries, and Communist China, it was announced recently, is to send Hungary substantial economic aid.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



BY far the most revolting sight in my garden just now—and has been ever since last autumn—is a great 7-ft. bush of *Paeonia delavayii*. It is a specimen which I

raised from seed more than a dozen years ago, and here in my stiff, limy, Cotswold soil it has grown magnificently. All through the summer months it looks extremely handsome. Its growing stems are fat, smooth and reddish. The flowers are on the small side, cup-shaped, with dark crimson petals, and a corrugated central boss of red, which suggests some rather gaudy sea anemone. Gathered for the house, these flowers look attractive in a specimen vase, but they only last a few days at the most. After that they lose their freshness and colour.

But it is chiefly as a foliage plant that I value my *Paeonia delavayii*. Its large, deeply-divided leaves suggest some sort of palm, with a slightly sub-tropical air; and this, together with the plant's appearance of tremendously vigorous health and well-being, makes it a most decorative garden feature. But in autumn, directly appreciable frosts strike, instead of shedding its handsome leaves as is the way with all well-behaved tree paeonies, my *delavayii* leaves turn to a dreary black, and the silly bush clings to them like grim death. Now, well into the new year, those dreary drapings, looking like someone's scruffy, tattered, cast-off funereal weeds, flap coldly, wetly when the wind brings rain, or shiver and rustle when the wind is in the east. I ought, of course, to have removed this offence weeks and months ago, but always I have hoped and expected that *delavayii* would slough off its horrid weeds voluntarily. Instead, it has waited for extra vicious winds to tear off a leaf here and there, now and then, and these have blown about the garden, making the place as though we had been holding an end-of-the-season Great Black Sale. This sort of thing is not to be borne for another day. To-morrow, without fail, *Paeonia delavayii* shall be stripped naked of its revolting draperies.

This pæony is planted, together with several other tree pæony species and varieties, on the west side of a long Cotswold stone building, and so is shaded from early-morning sun. This aspect is important, for it is sunshine striking upon hoar-frost on buds and early tender shoots that so often causes damage. If the hoar-frost can melt before morning sunshine reaches it, all will be well. At the end of the border farthest from *P. delavayii* is a fine specimen of Ludlow's variety of *Paeonia lutea*. In general appearance it is very like *delavayii*. The same extremely handsome foliage and cup-shaped flowers, about the same size as those of *delavayii*, but of a fine clear gold. And fortunately it drops its leaves directly autumn sets in.

It is, I think, a grave fault with some plants that they seem to be incapable of realising when they have "had it." Some roses are like that. I remember years ago finding a climbing rose in a conspicuous position in a garden which I occupied. I forget its name, but it produced masses of semi-double roses of a rather tiresome

THIS AND THAT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

weak pink, and these, instead of dropping their petals with a good grace when they had had their little day, hung on to them for several weeks—in fact, many weeks—looking tired and raddled, their complexions all gone to pieces, all freshness and beauty gone. I lost no time in howking the beastly thing out. There are, I believe, certain varieties of camellia which have this bad, sad habit of hanging on to their flowers long after their beauty has passed, instead of dropping them early and discreetly to form a splendid carpet of crimson, rose or white beneath the branches. But the late outdoor chrysanthemums are surely the worst offenders in this matter of hideous lingering long after any scrap of beauty remains to them.

I have been interested this winter in comparing the behaviour and the merits of the

fine trusses of the intensely fragrant white blossoms and pink-tinged buds. But here, although the trusses of blossom are just as numerous as they were at Stevenage, they are much smaller, and whiter. Not once have I been tempted to cut branches to bring into the house. Maybe some trace element is lacking in the soil here, or perhaps a shovelful of dung would restore them to their former splendour. As it is, they are most disappointing.

Viburnum grandiflorum was planted here seven or eight years ago as an 18-in. specimen in a pot. To-day it has reached a height of only 5 ft., although the conditions and situation appear to be favourable. On the other hand, a specimen of

Viburnum bodnantense which I planted as a youngster a year or two after *V. grandiflorum*, has made a grand bush 8 or 9 ft. tall. It is a hybrid between *V. fragrans* and *V. grandiflorum*, and is, as it performs here, a distinct advance on both parents. Its trusses of white, pink-tinged blossom are larger than those of *V. fragrans*, even those of *fragrans* at its best, and they are deliciously fragrant. I have compared sprigs of blossom of *bodnantense* with those of *grandiflorum*, gathered and brought into the house, and find them indistinguishable to look at. But here, at any rate, *bodnantense* has the advantage over *grandiflorum* of being a hearty grower. The hybrid has, in fact, retained the vigorous habit of *fragrans*, and has at the same time gained the finer blossoms of *grandiflorum*. This surely may be counted as justification for the raising of hybrid plants.

I sometimes meet distinguished gardeners who

detest all hybrids, whether they be rhododendrons, roses, narcissus, or what-have-you-or-haven't-you. With this particular phobia I can not agree. I agree that in the course of raising new hybrid races of plants a great many undesirable individuals crop up. One has only to go to a daffodil, a rose or a rhododendron show to realise this. Among the daffodils and narcissus there will be dozens and dozens of varieties which are either over-dressed, over-tailored, over-manicured, or with heads too big or too gaudy for this earth. The sad thing with daffodils is that they take a lot of killing, so that even the worst monstrosities among the new hybrids—sorts which their raisers doubtless dislike and certainly ought to burn at birth—are all too likely to leak out into gardens where they will live on indefinitely, and even increase and multiply. Here I agree with the hybrid-haters. But it is one of the penalties of progress towards a minority of truly beautiful new varieties.

But to return to the hybrid *Viburnum bodnantense*. If a spray of this were shown to the most inveterate hybrid-hater without his knowing its origin, it is a pretty sure thing that he would admire it; and if he were shown a sprig of *bodnantense* side by side with a sprig of *V. grandiflorum*, he would be most unlikely to know which to hate if he was told that one was a hybrid and one a true species.



"ITS TRUSSES OF WHITE, PINK-TINGED BLOSSOM ARE LARGER THAN THOSE OF *V. FRAGRANS* . . . AND THEY ARE DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT": *VIBURNUM BODNANTENSE*, A HYBRID BETWEEN *V. FRAGRANS* AND *V. GRANDIFLORUM*. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

three winter-flowering viburnums—*V. fragrans*, *V. grandiflorum* and *V. bodnantense*. I have several fine, hearty, 6- and 7-ft. specimens of *V. fragrans* which I struck as cuttings taken from two which I had in my garden at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire. They have grown well here, but their flowering has been disappointing. At Stevenage the parent bushes flowered superbly, often being smothered from top to bottom with myriads of

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HOW little we know about sculptors! I don't mean the very greatest, men like Pheidias or Michelangelo or Bernini, whose fame has lasted, or those who were famous in their day and are now out of favour, such as Canova. I mean the good, reasonably accomplished people who could do your portrait for you as capably as their competitors the painters, and sometimes much better—for who would not prefer a "busto" by Roubiliac to a painting by the majority of his contemporaries, with the exception of Hogarth, Reynolds or Gainsborough? I am inclined to think that were Dr. Gallup to carry out one of his fact-finding investigations he would discover that where a thousand had heard, however vaguely, of Gainsborough, not more than one would know the names of Bushnell or of Scheemakers or of Wilton or of Nollekens or of Gibson. The "British Portraits" Exhibition at the Royal Academy, which remains open until Sunday, March 3, provides a most agreeable opportunity to plumb the depths of one's ignorance in this respect; to make a special visit, as I did, and by the most rigid self-discipline to keep one's mind on sculpture and refuse to be beguiled by the variety and colour of the paintings, is a rewarding experience. It is not that the two arts are not complementary, merely that with so many delectable things around one it is difficult to give full attention to everything.

One is greeted immediately by an imposing case of sixteenth-century painted terra-cottas, including the beautiful portrait of Henry VII, now by general consent attributed to Pietro Torrigiani, the king's own choice as the sculptor of his splendid tomb at Westminster (Fig. 1). Is there some flattery implicit in this portrayal of so clever and handsome a face? I doubt it, for it gives one the impression of having been done from life; perhaps we find it difficult to correlate the king's reputation as a careful, even miserly administrator with such good looks. For my part I much regret that statues were so rarely painted after the end of the sixteenth century. By the eighteenth the aim of all portrait sculpture was a high Roman *gravitas* in keeping with the architectural ideals of the age. One asks oneself whether, had our ancestors known as much about the practice of the Greeks in classical times as we do, they would have so consistently kept their statues unpainted. As it is they left their marbles untouched in the belief that to paint so pure a material was sacrilege, and that convention has lasted down to our own

day. Not even James Gibson, R.A., who never left Rome for long and was the darling of his age (1790-1866), was praised for his "Tinted Venus." She was sold at Christie's in 1916 for 600 gns., but his contemporaries regarded her as not quite nice. But within that pure white convention to which we have for so long been accustomed that any deviation from it seems odd, what subtleties are possible, and how good some of the nearly unknown sculptors could be!

To the majority of us John Bushnell, who died in 1701, is no more than a name, yet he was responsible for the lively,

confection, the group of Mrs. Jordan and two of her children, ordered by William IV, whose mistress she had been. The king intended the group for the Abbey but it was never placed there and after William's death passed to his eldest son by Mrs. Jordan, the Earl of Munster. It is fashionable to sneer at sentiment and, I daresay, some of our more portentous exponents of abstractions and nightmares will be genuinely shocked by such tenderness and grace. I find it refreshing after some of the horrors I have seen recently.

None the less, lovely though this is, for genuinely superb portraiture I suggest one must go back a century, to Roubiliac, who, whether faced by man or woman, seems to me to be able to look, if not into their hearts, certainly into their heads. The evidence? The busts of Mrs. Aufrere (Fig. 2) and of Dean Swift. The former was the wife of a wealthy Huguenot whose daughter married Charles Pelham, who became Baron Yarborough in 1794. The girl still lives at Brocklesby in a magnificent full-length by Reynolds. Each of these busts seems to me to rank as high as anything in the show, so shrewd and understanding is the sculptor's summing-up of his sitter's character.

By comparison, most of the later portraits, competent though they are, seem a trifle tame, though I doubt whether even Roubiliac could have made much of that brave brainless booby, Lord Cardigan, who led the Light Brigade charge. Baron Marochetti (who came to England in 1848, enjoyed Royal patronage, and left behind him Richard Coeur de Lion by the Houses of Parliament) has concentrated on Cardigan's whiskers and medals (Fig. 3). But there are many sculptors represented who all have virtues, and some few vices, and were household words in their day. Wilton, for example, who was rich, studied assiduously—three years in Paris, eight in Rome, four in Florence—and returned home in 1755 in time to do the monument to General Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, and, of course,

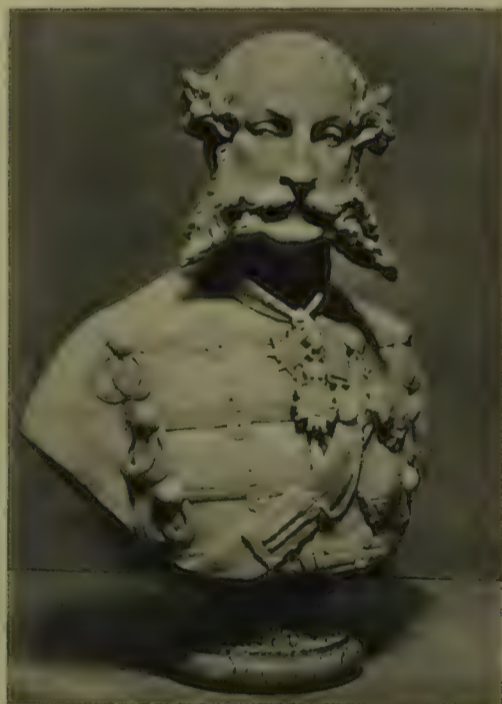
the eccentric Nollekens, and a nice Scot, Alexander Munro (d. 1871), represented by a sensitive, sad portrait of his young wife; Woolner, Gibson, Behnes—all worth studying and criticising. Finally there are the bronzes by Francis Dobson of Margaret Rawlings and Epstein's of Vaughan Williams (Fig. 4) and of Conrad. These last, I venture to suggest, are almost beyond criticism, and—allowing for the difference in texture, colour and "feel" between bronze and marble—to be compared with the two portraits by Roubiliac already mentioned. Many, I know, will find them more profound—emotional perhaps by comparison with the intellectual clarity of Roubiliac—but none the less blood brothers.



(FIG. 1.) "HENRY VII," ATTRIBUTED TO PIETRO TORRIGIANI (1472-1528); IN "AN IMPOSING CASE OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTED TERRA-COTTAS" AT THE "BRITISH PORTRAITS" EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (Painted terra-cotta; height, 23 ins.) (Lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum.)



(FIG. 2.) "MRS. AUFRERE"; ONE OF A NUMBER OF OUTSTANDING PORTRAIT BUSTS IN THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION BY LOUIS FRANCOIS ROUBILIAC († 1705-1762). SIGNED AND DATED 1748. (Marble; height, 27½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Yarborough.)



(FIG. 3.) "THE EARL OF CARDIGAN"; A PORTRAIT OF THE OFFICER FAMED FOR LEADING THE HEROIC CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, BY BARON CARLO MAROCHETTI, R.A. (1805-1867). (Marble; height, 30½ ins.) (Lent by the United Service Club.)

unflattering and highly decorative portrait of Charles II, of which a finer terra-cotta version is at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. He was a great man in his day and one can well believe it. Italians have never been in the habit of employing English artists, but Venice commissioned him to design an elaborate monument to commemorate the Siege of Candia. On his return home he did the statues of

Charles I and Charles II and of Sir Thomas Gresham for the Royal Exchange, and then the Royal effigies on Temple Bar. He was gifted, quarrelsome and very nearly impossible, and no one seems to have been in the least surprised when he died insane.

Another proof that most of us are more familiar with painting than with sculpture is provided by the case of Sir Francis Chantrey (1781-1841), that immensely successful maker of busts and of monuments. He is remembered now mainly for the fortune he left for the purchase of works of art for the nation—the Chantrey Bequest—and for the abuse which has been hurled at successive generations of trustees for their choice of paintings and sculpture. In addition to busts, he is represented in the exhibition by a most enchanting



(FIG. 4.) "DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M.," BY SIR JACOB EPSTEIN. IN THIS ARTICLE ON THE SCULPTURE AT THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL MARCH 3, FRANK DAVIS COMPARES EPSTEIN'S WORK WITH THAT OF ROUBILIAC. (Bronze; height, 15 ins.) (Lent by the Arts Council of Great Britain.)

A LONDON EXHIBITION OF HARPIGNIES.



"MENTON," A WASH DRAWING OF 1911, BY HENRI JOSEPH HARPIGNIES (1819-1916): IN THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION OF HIS WORKS AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, 17-18, OLD BOND STREET. (11½ by 15½ ins.)



"UN BIEN ALLER DANS LE FORET DU TRONCAIS"; AN EXAMPLE OF HARPIGNIES' EFFECTIVE WOODLAND SCENES. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 40 ins.)



"NEVERS," A CANVAS OF 1893 PAINTED IN THE LOIRE VALLEY, WHERE HARPIGNIES LIVED AND DID MUCH OF HIS WORK. (Oil on canvas; 9½ by 15 ins.)

THE exhibition of paintings, water-colours and drawings by Henri Joseph Harpignies is to be seen at the Marlborough Gallery from February 14 to March 6. Harpignies was born at Valenciennes in 1819, and began his working life as a commercial traveller. At the age of twenty-seven he decided to devote himself to painting and entered the atelier of Achard. In 1850 he went to Rome and on returning to Paris after two years in Italy he soon built up a reputation, exhibiting at the *Salons*, and painting largely children in landscape settings. Harpignies came under the influence of Corot, and of the Barbizon school, and it is in their tradition that he worked throughout his long life, though his connection was never a very close one. He himself worked in many parts of France, painting landscapes of every description. His best pictures, however, were painted in the Loire Valley, where he settled in 1878 at Saint Privé.

REMBRANDTS ACQUIRED BY BOSTON.

TWO factors make this magnificent pair of Rembrandt portraits, which have just been purchased by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass., of exceptional interest. Firstly, Rembrandt full-length portraits are very rare, and secondly, it seems very probable that the sitters, the Rev. Johannes Elison and his wife, of Norwich, were the only English people ever painted by Rembrandt. These two early works came to light in 1860, and by 1870 they had been acquired by Eugene Schneider, of Paris, in whose family they have remained until the present.



"THE REV. JOHANNES ELISON"; ONE OF THE PAIR OF IMPORTANT REMBRANDT PORTRAITS ACQUIRED BY THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. SIGNED AND DATED, 1634. (Oil on canvas; 68½ by 48½ ins.)



"MARIA BOCKENOLLE, WIFE OF JOHANNES ELISON," THE SECOND OF THE REMBRANDT PORTRAITS, WHICH ARE PROBABLY THE ONLY PORTRAITS OF ENGLISH PEOPLE PAINTED BY REMBRANDT. (Oil on canvas; 68½ by 48½ ins.) (Courtesy, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)



NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 5. EXTINCT OR VANISHING ANIMALS—SOME ALREADY AS "DEAD AS THE DODO" AND OTHERS IN DANGER OF SHARING ITS FATE.

During the last 2000 years, 106 species or sub-species of large animals have become extinct. Of these, 33 are believed to have gone during the first 1800 years, 33 during the next 100 years, and 40 during the last 50 years. Other forms of animal life have been extinguished during this same period, but the mammals are the more spectacular and therefore serve as a convenient index of what is happening to the rest. At the present time another 600 mammals are threatened or are on the verge of extinction, and of these 100 are likely to be gone for ever by the end of the next 50 years, and will be as "dead as the dodo," which was discovered in 1598 and became extinct in 1691. Throughout the long history of the earth, countless species have flourished and become extinct. It is a law of life. Within recent centuries this natural law

has received a new impetus from the growth and spread of the human race. The saddest part of the story is that much of the loss need not have happened, and if mistakes of the past are to be avoided we cannot do better than survey some of the causes of extreme diminution in numbers or actual extinctions. This is not possible with Schomburgk's deer, which is known to Europeans only from its antlers sold in the market-places of south-east Asia. Another, Père David's deer, of China, is unknown in the wild. In some instances there is a fair likelihood that the animals were already in decline, such as the great auk and Steller's sea-cow. The great auk, flightless sea-bird of the North Atlantic, was killed in large numbers for its flesh and oil. Steller's sea-cow, of the north-west Pacific, was killed by the early sealers for its flesh. In other

instances, animals living on oceanic islands, where means of retreat are limited, have been killed off or their numbers threatened by the introduction of domesticated animals. The dodo, a flightless pigeon of Mauritius, met its end from introduced dogs and pigs. Solenodon, an insectivore found on the islands of Cuba and Haiti only, is also menaced by imported animals. The Antarctic wolf, of the Falkland Islands, tame and wholly unafraid of man, fell an easy victim partly to the human lust for killing and partly because it started killing sheep. Few animals have suffered solely because of their conflict with human interest: the Asiatic lion menaced human life, but the sportsman's gun was the real cause of its undoing; the European and American bison went down before the advance of human settlement, coupled with the wholly insensate

killing for food; and the same is true of the passenger pigeon. The three have been killed off or their numbers threatened by the introduction of magical properties of their horns. In other instances, the possession of a valuable fur or hide, or of a palatable flesh, have brought devastation to species: the koala, platypus and monk seal for their fur, the quagga and bontebok for their hides and flesh. Above all, and whatever the basic cause for the extinction or reduction, the human lust for killing, often in the guise of "sport," has caused unnecessary damage. It is true of the Asiatic fauna (group shown in the bottom right corner), the Australasian (top right), and the African (top left); and, the latest victims, the Madagascan fauna (bottom left), with its unique lemurs, has become wide open to the ravages of the sportsman's gun.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



TANGLED HISTORY OF THE DOG.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is a fairly safe pastime to hold an opinion or to expound a theory about, say, a fish dredged from 2000 fathoms. Relatively little is known about the habits of animals living so far beneath the surface of the sea, and even less about the conditions in which they live. Added to this, the number of experts who have made a study of this particular type of fish will be very small, probably two at most. Any criticism of one's opinions or theories cannot, therefore, amount to a storm. It is a very different affair when holding opinions or expounding views about the familiar dog (*Canis familiaris*). So much is known about it, and yet so little, and there are so many experts and authorities that one's dialectical path is beset by pitfalls. When Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald wrote "The Domestic Dog" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 30s.), he must have been well aware of this, for in his opening sentences he stresses that the book "... does not pretend to be a complete history of the dog ... rather the gleanings of a lifetime spent in the study of the dog itself."

It is not within my competence to pass judgment upon the completeness or otherwise of the last two chapters, on the classification of the domestic dog and the breeds thereof. The middle chapters on the dog in art, literature, sport and in the service of man make easy and fascinating reading, and much of it is news to me. It is, however, with the first two chapters, the natural history and first domestication of the dog, that I would deal.

The orthodox view of the origin of the domestic dog is that it was derived from the northern wolf (*Canis lupus*) with, at some point in its history, an admixture from the golden jackal (*Canis aureus*). Some writers claim to be able to distinguish the *lupus*-type of dog and the *aureus*-type

jackal. Vesey-Fitzgerald discusses all these points, and many others besides, and comes to the conclusion that neither wolf nor jackal was the progenitor of the domestic dog and asks, "... might it not be possible that the domestic dog has descended from some other animal, neither wolf nor jackal, but a wild dog? Might it not be possible that we have all the time, before our very eyes, the spring from which has flowed the domestic dog in all its many forms? I believe it to be possible, and I refer to the Pariah Dog."

He is not the first to have suggested an unknown wild dog as the source of the domestic dog, and the fact that no such wild dog is known, or is at the most suspected, does not invalidate the suggestion. The source of the western European cattle is still in doubt. It may have

the Caucasus. Moreover, dogs of a Pariah-type and habit are still to be found in many parts of South and Central America."

Not having spent a lifetime in the study of the dog, I would not presume to give more than a very tentative opinion on the merits of this argument. Certainly, the wolf-jackal hypothesis strikes me as improbable. For example, I have visited the museum at Avebury several times and have stood before the show-case containing the skeleton of the Windmill Hill dog, of the Bronze Age. If this skeleton is truly of the Bronze Age (1765 B.C.), then the dog, very much as we know it to-day except for the multiplicity of breeds, is more than 4000 years old.

Admittedly, a single skeleton is little to go upon, although there are other remains of the same period, and even earlier, which I have not seen. When we consider the plasticity of the more recent breeds, there comes an uncertainty

as to how far we can rely on modern evidence, projected back through this long period in time, in our search for the ancestor. One of the most striking observations is the way breeds of dogs vary in a very short space of time, from one human generation to another, in fact. There is a large show-case in the Natural History Museum in London, set up perhaps forty or fifty years ago, showing a wide range of breeds. The familiar names of to-day are there on the labels, but the animals themselves show marked differences from the same breeds to-day. However, the inferences are not mine to draw, and the whole subject is better presented by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

There is, however, one point upon which I have the strongest feelings: that which I referred to earlier as the Myth of the Wolf. In common, I imagine, with many others, I heard or read in my youth stories of packs of wolves, and saw pictures



A CHAMPION BULLDOG OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.



A MODERN CHAMPION BULLDOG.

The dog has been domesticated for at least 4000 years and during this time there have been numerous changes. But despite the changes in the soft parts of the body and even in the skull, the teeth remain constant in number and shape throughout the breeds. These two photographs of bulldogs, taken at an interval of some fifty years, illustrate the changes that have occurred in their appearance. The changes in the appearance of the Bedlington are even more striking.

(Photographs by Thomas Fall.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Domestic Dog"; by courtesy of the publishers, Routledge and Kegan Paul.



BEDLINGTON TERRIERS OF THE OLD TYPE. (From a drawing by Arthur Wardle.)



A MODERN CHAMPION BEDLINGTON.

on the basis of their behaviour. To do this successfully, one would have supposed it would be necessary to know well not only the behaviour of the domestic dog, but that of the northern wolf and the jackal, too. Yet too often the person making the comparison is misled from the start by what I would call the Myth of the Wolf.

The hypothesis of the wolf-jackal origin of the dog was based in the first place on anatomical and morphological evidence. To this has been added later subsidiary evidence. Thus, wolf-dog hybrids are fully fertile. Certain characteristics of the colour and pattern of the hair, and of the eye, of the form of the ear, of the skull and of the size of the animal as a whole, are inherited on typical Mendelian lines. The incidence of rutting and the duration of pregnancy are identical in dog and wolf. The blind period is the same in puppies and wolf-cubs; as is the order of appearance of the milk-teeth, and of moulting in the adult. Moreover, all these apply equally to the

been *Bos primigenius* (the aurochs) or *Bos longifrons*, both of which are long since extinct. The ancestor of the domestic horse is still in doubt. It may have been the Mongolian wild horse, now nearly extinct, or one or other species totally extinct. The ancestry of the domestic sheep is even less certain. Although there are still several races of wild ass, Pocock suggested that the domestic ass more probably came from a race now extinct. There is, therefore, nothing improbable in the suggestion that the real ancestor of the domestic dog was a wild dog, now extinct.

However, Vesey-Fitzgerald puts his money on the pariah or pi-dog; and in support he says: "The range of the Pariah dog extends from Morocco to the Far East. It occurs throughout North Africa, the Near East and Southern Asia, in Indonesia and Australia, in China and Japan. In Europe it was present in Southern Spain until comparatively recently, and it is still relatively common in Greece, Albania, Bulgaria, Turkey and

of packs of a hundred or more racing through the pine-woods or prowling over the snow. Yet the authoritative evidence is that the pack is a legend. The North American wolf has been fully investigated in the last half-century, and the conclusion is that the wolf is solitary, pairing up for the breeding season, and that the largest party normally seen is a bitch with her cubs. Vilhjalmur Stefansson was "a man who spent the whole of his life in the Arctic, and who probably had a closer acquaintance with and deeper knowledge of wolves in their natural state than any other white man before, or since." He has placed it on record that he has never seen a pack of wolves, or a greater number in association than the mother and cubs of one family. If dogs show a pack behaviour, with a leader, as is sometimes claimed, then they could not have derived this from a wolf-ancestor. This is at least one point upon which we can be clear. Yet this so-called pack behaviour is used as one of the main arguments in favour of its wolf-ancestry.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE GERMAN COMMANDER AT STALINGRAD DIES: FIELD MARSHAL PAULUS.

Friedrich Paulus, the former German Field Marshal who surrendered his army at Stalingrad in 1943, has died in East Germany, according to recent reports. Between 1943 and 1945 he was said at one time to be raising an army of converted Germans; at another to be the leader of a Free Germany. In 1954 he attacked the Bonn Government and American "imperialism."



A STEEL INDUSTRY MAGNATE DIES: SIR JOHN CRAIG.

Sir John Craig, who had been associated with the leading Scottish steel manufacturers, Colvilles, of Glasgow, for nearly seventy years, died at his home in Lanarkshire on February 1, aged eighty-two. The son of an ironworker, Sir John joined Colvilles as an office boy in 1888. Within twenty-two years he had become a director and in 1916 he was appointed Chairman, which he remained until his retirement last year.



A NEW AIR MINISTRY POST: AIR MARSHAL BARNETT.

Air Marshal D. H. F. Barnett has been appointed to the newly-created post of Air Secretary at the Air Ministry, it was announced on January 29. He will be responsible for matters affecting officers' careers, appointments and personal affairs. The new post has been created to bring about an improvement in this sphere of administration. Air Marshal Barnett was Air Task Force Commander in the Suez operations.



WARTIME MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE: THE LATE LORD HUDSON.

Viscount Hudson, C.H., who as Mr. R. S. Hudson was an outstanding Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries from 1940-45, died on February 2 in Southern Rhodesia, aged seventy. After Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, Lord Hudson joined the Diplomatic Service in 1911. He first entered Parliament in 1924. From 1931 he sat for Southport until he was created a Viscount in 1952.



A WOMAN ENGINEER IS HONOURED: MISS MARY FERGUSON.

Miss Mary Isolen Fergusson is the first woman ever to become a full member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Her election was announced on January 15. Civil engineering is normally considered a man's profession, but Miss Fergusson has proved her great ability in this field and is a partner with a well-known firm of consulting engineers.



AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN VIENNA: THE FOUR BRITONS RELEASED FROM HUNGARY.

After spending fifteen days in prison in Budapest four young Britons were released at the Austrian border on February 2. The four, of whom three are Oxford students, are: Judith Cripps, of Somerville College; Roger Cooper, of St. John's; Christopher Lord, of Magdalen, and his brother Basil, a graduate of University College, Oxford. They appeared to be in good health after their captivity in Hungary.



AN ARCHITECT WINS £A5000 PRIZE: MR. JOERN UTZON.

The prize of £A5000 for the winning design for the Sydney National Opera House has been won by the Danish architect, Mr. Joern Utzon. The design is described as controversial. It consists of two halls which are enclosed with groups of delicate white shell vaults which surge upwards and outwards, and reflect the harbour waters.



THE WINNER OF A £1000 TELEVISION QUIZ PRIZE: MISS LYNDA SIMPSON.

On January 30 Miss Lynda Simpson, a thirteen-year-old girl from Sutton Coldfield, won £1000 in the Independent Television quiz programme, "Double Your Money." She had already won £500 but would have lost most of this if she went wrong. The words she spelt were manœuvre, connoisseur, reconnoître, chlorophyll and hypochondriac.



THE GREATEST "NORMA" OF OUR TIME: MME. CALLAS.

Mme. Maria Callas played the title rôle in Bellini's "Norma" at Covent Garden on Feb. 2, and was to play it again on Feb. 6. Mme. Callas, who is the only soprano who can sing the rôle, received an ovation from the audience on Feb. 2 at the end of a performance in which her singing was described as "glorious."



RESIGNING FROM THE ROYAL BALLET: MISS BERYL GREY.

Miss Beryl Grey, a prima ballerina of the Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Ballet), is to resign from the company. Miss Grey hopes to develop her career abroad and with other companies. She is at present engaged in appearances on the Continent and is planning a South American tour later this year.



A BRITISH HEIRESS'S ELOPEMENT: MISS FREDERICKA SIGRIST WITH MR. GREGG JUAREZ AT NASSAU RECENTLY.

Miss Fredericka Sigrist, aged seventeen and the heiress to a fortune left by her father, who was a co-founder of the Hawker Aircraft Company, eloped on January 28 with Mr. Gregg Juarez, an American interior decorator, whom she married the following day. Later they married for a second time, in case of any doubt as to the legality of their first marriage.

BRITAIN'S FIRST HYDROGEN BOMB BASE; AND OTHER ITEMS IN THE NEWS.



THE PROPOSED FIRTH OF FORTH ROAD BRIDGE: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE BRIDGE (LEFT), AS VIEWED LOOKING TOWARDS FIFE. It was announced on January 29 that the Government hope that work on the construction of the Forth Road Bridge will begin in the summer of 1958. It is estimated that the cost will be in the region of £15,000,000.



THE COASTLINE OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND FROM THE AIR: THE ATOLL LIES ABOUT HALF-WAY BETWEEN HAWAII AND TAHITI AND THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.



THE BASE FOR BRITAIN'S FIRST HYDROGEN BOMB TESTS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE AIRSTRIP ON CHRISTMAS ISLAND, IN MID-PACIFIC. Christmas Island, seen in these two photographs, is a lonely atoll just north of the Equator, and it will be the R.A.F.'s main base for the thermo-nuclear tests planned for later this year. During recent months Transport Command have been flying passengers, freight and mail thither from Australia and Honolulu.



IN PERFECT FORMATION: SEAHAWK AIRCRAFT OPERATING FROM H.M.S. ALBION FLYING OVER THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN RECENTLY. H.M.S. ALBION (22,000 TONS) WAS COMPLETED IN 1954 AND CARRIES FORTY-FIVE AIRCRAFT.

FROM AERONAUTICS AND ENGINEERING TO OPERA: A MISCELLANY.



WAGNER'S GREAT COMEDY AT COVENT GARDEN: A SCENE DURING THE LAST ACT WHEN BECKMESSER (GERAINT EVANS) IS THE FIRST CANDIDATE FOR EVA'S HAND.

The first performance of a new production of Wagner's comic opera "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" was given at Covent Garden on January 28. The opera, which lasted for 5½ hours and was sung in English, was produced by Mr. Erich Witte, who also took the rôle of Walther. (Photograph by Houston Rogers.)



BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND EVER MADE: A 13½-INCH-CIRCUMFERENCE WIRE ROPE MADE IN DONCASTER. British Ropes Limited recently completed at their Doncaster factory a 13½-inch-circumference, flattened-strand, wire rope which is 1656 ft. long and believed to be the largest of its kind ever made. It will be used in a Hong Kong dockyard for hauling ships up a slipway for inspection.



TO MEET THE INCREASING DEMAND IN AMERICA FOR A CAR SUITABLE FOR BOTH ROAD USE AND SPORTS CAR RACING: THE NEW JAGUAR XK "SS."

Jaguar Cars Limited announced recently that they are to produce a new model suitable both for road use and for sports car racing. It is based on the already famous Le Mans type Jaguars and will be known as the Jaguar XK "SS." This innovation is a result of the increasing demand from America for this sort of car.



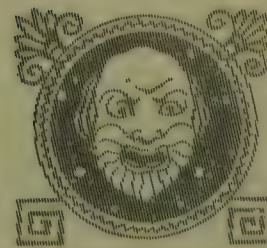
THE WORLD'S FIRST LARGE TURBO-PROP AIRLINER ABOUT TO ENTER SCHEDULED SERVICE: THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA 102 AT LONDON AIRPORT ON FEB. 1. On Feb. 1 the Bristol Britannia 102, the world's first large turbo-prop airliner, entered scheduled service for the first time when the B.O.A.C. liner G-ANBI left London Airport for Johannesburg. G-ANBI carried a full complement of passengers on its 6200-mile flight. The Britannia reduces the duration of the journey by about 6 hours.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

SOUND AND HOLLOW.

By ALAN DENT.



OF two new and more-or-less British films "The Man in the Sky" is the one to see at all costs, and "Town on Trial" is the one to choose if there is nothing better at the cinema-house opposite. One, as the Americans say, is a "must," but the other just a "maybe." The former is extraordinary and utterly sound, while the latter is just a little ordinary and something less than sound, though by no means negligible.

First, however, let me clarify the "more-or-less" I dropped when I called both films British. "The Man in the Sky" has the deeply respected hall-mark of Ealing and the reassuring name of Sir Michael Balcon attached to it as producer. But we all know, of course, that M.-G.-M. has "taken over" here, and it is this great American company's ancient lion which roars somewhat dimly at us at the film's outset. Yet the cast is English almost to a man, and the tale told—around the peculiar Englishness of Wolverhampton—is so terrifically native, both in place and mood, that it is almost as though Sir Michael had set out and succeeded in making it so, howsoever many dollars had helped in the process.

The other film, "Town on Trial," is also set in a typically English borough, this time in the Home Counties. But here again an American company is in control, and there is a certain un-English emphasis here and there—especially in the behaviour of the detective so well played by John Mills—which keeps on making us think that this town called Oakley Park, which is supposed to be in Surrey or somewhere, might, with a few architectural changes, even more probably be in Ohio or an all-white Alabama.

The American-Ealing film, "The Man in the Sky," tells a very simple story, almost an anecdote, of a test pilot who is beginning to feel his age. In the flight which is the film's one concentrated feature he has to demonstrate the virtues of a great clumsy 'plane, a freighter, to an American prospective purchaser. The deal will save this private firm from bankruptcy. It puzzles me to

fellow-feeling with all those up-gazers. It is very grim and wearing, and extremely enjoyable.

There is only one person who desists from up-gazing. She is a Mrs. Snowdon (Megs Jenkins), who just cannot bear the idea of the test pilot's wife (Elizabeth Sellars) being quietly at home tending her two little boys, unaware of her husband's danger, and with no worry more

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



JACK HAWKINS, WHO PLAYS THE TEST PILOT, MITCHELL, IN THE MICHAEL BALCON-EALING FILMS PRODUCTION OF "THE MAN IN THE SKY."

In making his choice, Alan Dent writes: "As a test pilot who appears to put his duty to his job even in front of his family, Jack Hawkins is at his best in 'The Man in the Sky.' His acting has an ease which conceals a great deal of art and craft and knowingness. He builds up the test pilot's character out of a thousand well-observed touches. For example, this is a man who would not forget a promise to his wife to bring home the laundry, even though he has been flying around death's door all afternoon since he made the promise. He is also very much the expert pilot, and very much the non-expert motorist—a man at home with air pockets but more than a shade impatient of bumpy roads and traffic signals. 'The Man in the Sky' is surely this actor's most telling achievement since 'The Cruel Sea' nearly four years ago.

Wolverhampton would, in the circumstances, have raised at least a half-hearted murmur of applause, and that surely one of the test-pilot's superiors might have been overheard to say: "Well done, old chap!" But no, our strong, silent hero is received with nothing but a strong silence, even though he has just saved the firm's 'plane and its future existence as well, not to mention his own self-confidence.

The rest of the sequence, however, is beyond cavil or question, and at its very end, when the wife—as wives will—lets out a whimper to the effect that she knows all and that he has not given his own wife and bairns a thought, Husband Hawkins lets out a foaming gush of pent-up fury which will warm the cockles of the heart of every married man in the land. Furthermore, it will make millions of wives stare at the screen in astonishment at so startling an intimation that many husbands may know and feel and think far more than many wives imagine.

This film's air of actuality is greatly helped by the very natural behaviour of the other characters, particularly those played by Walter Fitzgerald and Ernest Clark, John Stratton and Victor Maddern (one of the most valuable Cockney actors of the day), and the shrewd and reticent directing hand of Charles Crichton is everywhere in evidence by its extreme unobtrusiveness. Much credit, too, to William Rose, the script-writer.

It is exactly this well-achieved air of actuality which is the missing factor in the well-acted and often ingenious "Town on Trial." Someone has strangled a young tennis-playing and swimming blonde whom all the men admired and all the women detested. Someone—obviously the same person—is later to strangle the mayor's gadabout daughter who just rocks and rolls her way through life regardless of parental authority. Can the culprit be an oddly-behaved old doctor (Charles Coburn)? Or an angry club secretary who has



FIRE BREAKS OUT IN ONE OF THE ENGINES DURING A CRUCIAL AND THRILLING FLIGHT: A TENSE MOMENT IN "THE MAN IN THE SKY," SHOWING (L. TO R.) PETER (JOHN STRATTON), CRABTREE (DONALD PLEASANCE), ASHMORE (EDDIE BYRNE) AND MITCHELL (JACK HAWKINS). (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, JANUARY 25.)

know how I can have travelled as far down the page as this without divulging that the test pilot is played by Jack Hawkins, and that therefore neither the film nor the 'plane could possibly be in safer hands.

All the same, one of the engines alarmingly catches fire, and Test Pilot Hawkins's four or five passengers bale out. Will our hero follow? If he does, his firm will lose its all-important contract. If he does not, he will crash with his 'plane unless he can bring off a 100-to-1 chance landing, depending on certain stresses and angles of tilt (reasonably well-explained for such as you and me) and also on staying in the air for half-an-hour in sole control.

It is a genuinely thrilling half-hour. We are switched regularly between the 'plane (and its tense pilot and its strange noises of strained nuts and bolts) and the entire up-gazing staff of the aerodrome. When we are in the air our palms perspire in sympathy. When we are on the ground we get a crick in the neck through our

immediate than the inability to afford a better house—which is being offered in the offing. So Mrs. Snowdon, against reiterated advice to the contrary, rushes off while everybody is looking at the man in the sky and wondering if and how he will "make it," and telephones the man's wife.

The latter is here very English indeed. She is anguished, of course, but shows neither hysteria nor heroics. She has her little boys to keep in countenance. She does not tell them that Daddy is in trouble. She tells them she must go out, and instructs them quietly to finish their boiled eggs and milk, after which—and only then—they may have the two lollipops that Granny brought yesterday. Miss Sellars is here the English Mummy to perfection. As soon as she has seen her husband land safely she is rushed back home to ensure that her children have been obedient and un-alarmed by any other busybody.

What does her husband do? He emerges from the 'plane unsmiling and uncheered, talks to no one, goes to his car, collects the laundry on the way (a marvellous touch!), and after the usual "Hullo!" on reaching home, asks if there's enough water for a nice hot bath. The first part of this sequence seemed to me just a bit *too* English. Macaulay describes an occasion when "even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer," and I should have thought that the ranks of



A DETECTIVE STORY IN WHICH AN "AIR OF ACTUALITY IS THE MISSING FACTOR": "TOWN ON TRIAL"—A SHOT SHOWING SUPERINTENDENT MIKE HALLORAN (JOHN MILLS) WITH ELIZABETH FENNER (BARBARA BATES). (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, MARBLE ARCH, JANUARY 24.)

been pretending to be a war-hero (Derek Farr)? Or might it even be a listless young man (Alec MacCowan), who is mollycoddled by his mother (Fay Compton)?

Most of my colleagues seem to have been more enthralled by these speculations than I was. But, then, I am always more engaged by the reason behind a crime than by merely guessing at the identity of the perpetrator. The eternal Why mystifies me far more than the actual Who.

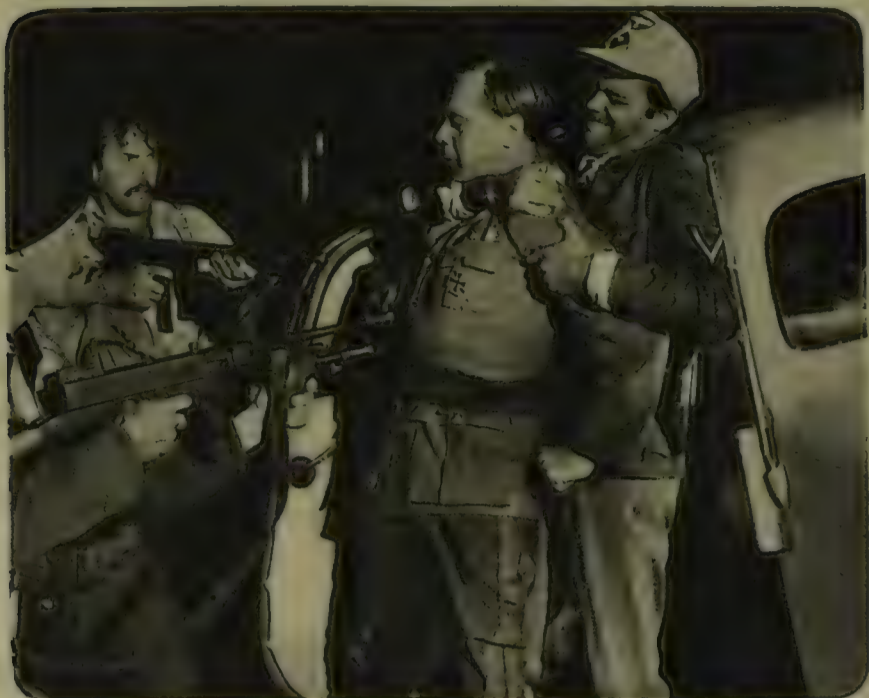
John Mills is most persuasive as the police-investigator when he is not bullying his suspects in a way which we don't like to think of as English at all, and which, anyhow, does not suit Mr. Mills in the least. Elsewhere he is admirable, and he is helped out very prettily by Barbara Bates in a little love-affair which eases the tension whenever something like tension is achieved. A new-comer, Elizabeth Seal, as the second victim, is worth watching, but her solo dance is not. Understandably it moved one of the observers to murder.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

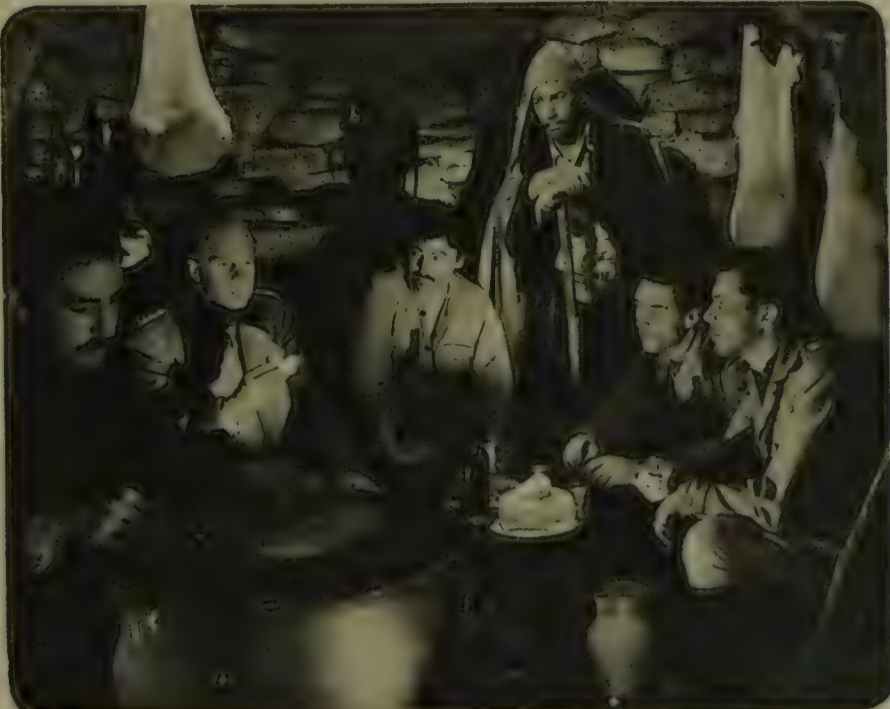
"MOBY DICK" (Generally Released; January 28).—It would now seem to be a proved certainty that Herman Melville's masterpiece is too big a book for any screen, however wide. This tremendous attempt has all of the sea and some of the language, an impressive White Whale and Gregory Peck as its enemy, Captain Ahab. It also has some charming colour effects. But it will satisfy only those who do not read and re-read the novel.

"HIGH SOCIETY" (Generally Released; February 4).—Bliss for those unable to resist the combination of Grace Kelly and Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby! Bliss even for those who *can*, for the tunes they sing are by that pocket-genius of tunefulness, whether gay or world-weary—Cole Porter!

A WAR EXPLOIT AS AN EXCITING BRITISH FILM: "ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT."



THE AMBUSH: MAJOR LEIGH-FERMOR (DIRK BOGARDE), WITH HIS CRETAN PARTISANS, KIDNAPPING THE GERMAN GENERAL (MARIUS GORING).



AFTER THE CAPTURE: GENERAL KREIPE (MARIUS GORING) SPENDING A NIGHT IN A SHEPHERD'S HUT WITH HIS CAPTORS.



MAKING GOOD THEIR GETAWAY: THE TWO BRITISH OFFICERS AND THE CRETANS TAKE THEIR CAPTIVE OVER MOUNT IDA.



TWO OF THE MAIN CHARACTERS: MAJOR LEIGH-FERMOR (DIRK BOGARDE; LEFT) AND CAPTAIN MOSS (DAVID OXLEY).



THE CAPTIVE'S CUNNING: THE GENERAL GIVES A CRETAN BOY A GOLDEN COIN, HOPING THIS WILL LEAD TO HIS TROOPS FINDING HIS WHEREABOUTS.

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—after relating the adventures of Captain Langsdorff in "The Battle of the River Plate"—have now written, produced and directed, for the Rank Organisation, a film about an exciting incident which took place in Crete in the Second World War. "Ill Met by Moonlight" tells the story of the exciting events which took place after two British officers "kidnapped" General Karl Kreipe, Commander of the 22nd Panzer Grenadier Division. Major Leigh-Fermor is played by Dirk Bogarde



A RUSE DISCOVERED: THE BRITISH OFFICERS RETURN TO GEN. KREIPE THE GOLDEN COIN BY WHICH HE HAD HOPED TO EFFECT HIS RESCUE.

and Captain Stanley Moss by David Oxley. Notable among those playing the highly temperamental Cretan partisans are Laurence Payne and Wolfe Morris, and Demetri Andreas, as the little boy who plays an important part in the kidnapping. Much of the film consists of the chase which occurs when the German troops start searching for their General, but these scenes preserve freshness in spite of the frequent occurrence of chases in films. Cretan music greatly helps to establish local atmosphere.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

JOLLY UTTER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"THEY are indeed jolly utter," says the Lady Saphir appreciatively when she sees that the immortal fire has, more or less, descended upon the three bold Dragoon Guards, all looking desperately angular and flat. "Patience" may have fewer fervent devotees than most of the other Savoy operas have—though I do not dare to generalise—but, for me, it is always consummately utter. Peter Goffin's new production, at the Princes, now brings it back to us with fresh visual pleasures added. I dare say there will be argument about the new décor; but, if I may coin a phrase, Mr. Goffin's conversion to the principles of *Æsthetic Art* in its highest development has touched me deeply.

The set (which remains unchanged) is the first surprise. Gilbert asked for the "exterior of Castle Bunthorne." Mr. Goffin takes us to the grounds of Bunthorne's Castle (we are able to guess at the architectural oddities of the building) and shows that he is a most accomplished landscape gardener. Through a wrought-iron pergola entwined with variegated ivy that keeps to the "greenery-yallery" note the producer (who is also his own designer) has rightly insisted upon, we look across a vast expanse—Bunthorne was clearly a man of wealth—to some further agreeably period "features" in the far distance. Here, surely, is what Mr. Robert Harling, whose book, "Home: A Victorian Vignette,"* has been—well, almost—at my bed's head for years, meant when he spoke of "self-consciously natural parklands with an emphasis upon the picturesque."

In front of this pergola, at curtain-rise, Mr. Goffin has assembled the Rapturous Maidens who are, rightly, in "the last stage of despair." They make a stage picture for which maybe Ferdinand, in another play, has the right word, "Harmonious charmingly." In costume, colour, grouping, the "greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" world of the 'eighties rests as if preserved under glass. For a moment, one almost wishes that the chorus would refrain from its song of "Twenty love-sick maidens," so that we might keep this moment snatched from the late Victorians.

Bunthorne's auburn-haired damosels would have appeared, many of them, on innumerable Victorian canvases. In a programme note it is explained that "the dress which originally caricatured a particular 'æsthetic' fashion of the 'eighties is now designed to reflect the more familiar aspect of the nineteenth-century 'Gothic' or 'Early English' revival, which is still evident to us in Victorian architecture, painting, and stained glass." Saphir cries to the three officers: "You are not even Early English. Oh, be Early English ere it is too late."

As we know, in time the Duke, Colonel, and Major obey the instruction and become most earnestly precious—though not for long. Mr. Goffin has redesigned, tactfully, the long-famous æsthetic uniform that both Bunthorne and Grosvenor used to wear. At the Princes now they are no longer dressed alike. They are "theatrical characters within the context of the play, representing two distinct 'artistic' types." We have lost that former messy-plush effect. Bunthorne, the fleshly poet, in his yellow waistcoat, his nicely-waisted green jacket, his check trousers, and his jaunty hat, clearly goes to the best of æsthetic tailors; his costume is an amusing spring song. Incidentally, he still wears the Whistlerian white lock that always brings to me the couplet of Chesterton:

Like the white lock of Whistler, that lit our aimless gloom,
Men showed their own white feather as proudly as a plume.

Grosvenor, lace-collared and long-bobbed, in green velvet, has an æsthetic-Fauntleroy look about him: I feel that he is likely to go straight



"THIS PROGRAMME, SO MODESTLY PRESENTED AND FILLED OUT SO WITTILY, IS ONE THAT I CAN RECOMMEND WITHOUT RESERVE": "AT THE DROP OF A HAT" (FORTUNE), SHOWING (L. TO R.) MICHAEL FLANDERS AND DONALD SWANN IN A NUMBER CALLED "SEA FEVER."



IN FRONT OF THE WROUGHT-IRON PERGOLA ENTWINED WITH VARIEGATED IVY IN THE GROUNDS OF BUNTHORNE'S CASTLE: THE ENTRANCE OF PATIENCE (CYNTHIA MOREY) IN ACT I OF PETER GOFFIN'S NEW PRODUCTION OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S OPERA "PATIENCE" (PRINCES).

from the stage of the Princes to Dorincourt Castle. All of this "greenery-yallery," set against the scarlet of the Dragoon Guards, is most enjoyably atmospheric; and Mr. Goffin revels, at the last, in bringing on Grosvenor, Cockney-vowelled (dressed, according to Gilbert's direction, "in an ordinary suit of dittos"), with the Maidens, who are "everyday young girls" in a blaze of scarlet-and-white.

I really cannot agree with a super-æsthetic colleague about any colour-clash here: it is a thoroughly gay stage picture.

I have concentrated more on the décor than upon the production which, gently varied within the tradition, runs along smoothly. That first act must always wilt a little midway. Peter Pratt, of course, flicks on Bunthorne like a poppy-petal in a spring waft—for one must use phrases that Angela and Saphir would not condemn—and, as the most alarming of the Maidens, Ann Drummond-Grant manages, craftily, to make Lady Jane's song endurable. I like the freshness of Cynthia Morey's Patience, not a too madly Arcadian dairymaid. And though, among the officers, I sighed for a Fancourt, one cannot always call up the heroic past.

The opera—it is, as usual, under Isidore Godfrey's musical direction—remains a joy. So much of it is applicable to modern sham and art-craftiness, to the modishness of a moment. There is work in the theatre to which one willingly attaches the lines of Lady Jane about "a transcendental delirium—an acute concentration of supremest ecstasy—which the earthly might easily mistake for indigestion." And again: "It is a wild, weird, fleshly thing."

The lyrics must make many of our alleged revue wits very humble. I am not speaking of Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, the lyric-writer and composer of "At the Drop of a Hat" (Fortune): I feel that even Gilbert might have applauded the intricate neatness of their numbers. This, in fact, is an entertainment that ought to fill the Fortune. If I sound dubious, it is simply because the idea of an evening occupied by two men and a piano may not have a general appeal. Often I can sympathise with playgoers in search of something animated and pictorial; but this programme, so modestly presented and filled out so wittily, is one that I can recommend without reserve. (I urge you to hear Mr. Flanders as he

explains the precise derivation of "Greensleeves"). Cautiously, I can only hope that "At the Drop of a Hat" will be still with us when this appears: in any event, Mr. Flanders and Mr. Swann must deserve Saphir's "Oh Art, we thank thee for this boon!"

"Or a not-too-French French bean" sang Bunthorne. I have met a pair of French plays since my last article. Much the better was Anouilh's brief and passionate modern-dress tragedy of "Medea" (Oxford Playhouse), with Joan Miller—one of the few artists unafraid of straight, hard driving in the theatre—as Medea, her long and damning catalogue of crime nearly over, in colloquy with a Jason resolved to come to terms with the world. As for Armand Salacrou's "No Laughing Matter" (Arts), I can merely say I am not surprised it took so long to reach London. It will be fashionable to blame the English text or the company, but the play which someone

has called, with comical reverence, a "minuet," reminds me of a clumsy barn-dance. Patience might well have said: "What is this love that upsets everybody; and, secondly, how is it to be distinguished from insanity?"

Last, I salute gratefully Mr. Martin Holmes, of the London Museum, who has seen that John Philip Kemble's bicentenary—which I have already recorded—is duly marked. Among other things he has put on show the Order of the Elephant, which Kemble wears in the Lawrence portrait. There is high nobility in that portrait, even if—fresh from "Patience"—one may feel that Kemble is saying to himself, "Life is made up of interruptions."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Adelphi).—Wycherley's sultry piece, transferred from the Royal Court. (February 4.)
"THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING" (Royal Court).—A play of the Deep South, by Carson McCullers, with an English Stage Company cast headed by Geraldine McEwan. (February 5.)

* Constable, 1938.

PREPARING FOR "MAYFLOWER II'S" SPRING VOYAGE: WORK ON THE RIGGING.



PREPARING *MAYFLOWER II*: A BRIXHAM CRAFTSMAN WORKING ON THE TACKLE FOR THE FORETOPMAST RIGGING. ALL ROPES ARE SCOTTISH-MADE.



WHERE THE YOUNG HERO OF EVERY SEA ROMANCE SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME: THE CROW'S-NEST, BEING MADE AT BRIXHAM FOR *MAYFLOWER II*.



MAYFLOWER'S ONLY MOTIVE POWER: THE SAILS FOR THE SHIP BEING MADE IN DEVON FROM SAILCLOTH WOVEN IN SCOTLAND FROM PURE FLAX.



WORKING ON YARDS AND MASTS FOR *MAYFLOWER II*: SHIPWRIGHTS AT BRIXHAM USING ADZES, THE TRADITIONAL SHIPBUILDER'S SMOOTHING TOOL.



SHIP'S RIGGERS AT BRIXHAM WITH SOME OF *MAYFLOWER*'S FOREMAST RIGGING. THE FIGURE-OF-EIGHT SHAPE IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE FORESTAY COLLAR.

Mayflower II, the replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship, which is being built with British funds as a goodwill gift to the people of America, is expected to sail from Plymouth in April and to reach Plymouth, Massachusetts, at about the end of May. Since her launching on September 22, last year, work has been going forward at Upham's Shipyard at Brixham, in Devon, on her fitting, the building of superstructures and the preparation of her rigging and sails. In the latter will lie her sole motive power, since she will have no auxiliary motors and will rely entirely on her sails. The sails are all of sailcloth made



THE CARPENTER, WHO WILL SAIL WITH *MAYFLOWER II*, EXAMINING OAK. IN GENERAL, SHAPED PIECES ARE MADE FROM NATURALLY SHAPED WOOD.

from flax alone, and they have been woven by the long-established family firm of Francis Webster and Sons, of Arbroath, who were founded in 1795. Flax, it is stated, has no peer for really long-distance sea-going work in tough climatic conditions. All the ropes and cordage likewise were made in Scotland by the Gourrock Ropework Co., Ltd. (which originated in 1736), at Port Glasgow, and are all of lightly-tarred Squadron Italian Hemp. An interesting point is that there will be no splices in the rigging, and instead seizings of various types—throat, round, crown, etc.—are being used.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONCE there was no harm in labelling works of fiction "Anonymous," or "By a Lady," or what not; now that true reserve expresses itself in a pseudonym, the appearance of "Madame Solario" (Heinemann; 16s.), with no ascription whatever, has an effect of claptrap. Yet I must add that it bothers one only at the start, and you may even come round to it. For the matter provides some excuse. A tale with this surface oddity ought to be unusual in itself, and ought, possibly, to be behind the times; and "Madame Solario" has both these qualifications.

The date is 1906, the scene Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como, in the fashionable month of September: a scene distinguished by cosmopolitan gaiety, romantic beauty, and the Triumph of Woman. For at this epoch, "so much clothing and embellishment turned each woman into a sort of shrine." Cadenabbia has its troop of *jeunes filles en fleurs*, to which the very young, guileless Englishman, Bernard Middleton, should rightly attach himself. And indeed he begins by doing so. Yet even then he has intimations of something beyond: of love as the "lord of terrible aspect." His young friend Ilona is in anguish over a bullet-headed, brutal-looking Russian count who won't speak to her. Bernard pities her from his soul, and can't bear to think of the odious-looking Kovanski in the same breath. And then, one day, there is a new face at the Bellevue; "Madame Solario" has come back. Fair, exquisite, beautifully poised—but in Bernard's eyes, even the loveliest woman of twenty-eight is only a picture: till he sees Kovanski stare at her in the dining-room. There can be no doubt; the Russian is in anguish for Madame Solario. And she won't speak to him. Yet he has clearly some power over her... and according to gossip, there is something dark in her past: a family scandal, with attempted murder, and a brother banished across the world. The neophyte was already under her spell; henceforth, she also commands his chivalry.

And then the brother turns up, charming as herself. And we forsake Bernard, to eavesdrop on the long colloquies of brother and sister, and Eugene's febrile, ever-varying schemes for them both. They seem adventurers, but the truth is more sinister; they are havoc-makers. And when they have done their worst on this stage, Bernard returns, to escort his lodestar on a mysterious and vain flight from destiny, and to witness the end.

This novel is a wonder of background and style, period to the marrow. At first the tale seems to match; but after the shift of viewpoint we become conscious that it is very long-drawn and also tediously oblique, and that all the main characters, except Bernard, are touched with melodrama. Though Kovanski is splendid melodrama; and all the same it is fascinating.

OTHER FICTION.

"Twilight for the Gods," by Ernest Gann (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.), translates us to a much healthier and (though heroic) more banal world. Captain Bell, an "old-timer" who came up the hard way, is now fighting the memory of his blunder, the lure of drink, the near-extinction of sail, and the senility of his adored barquentine *Cannibal*. This time she is bound from Tahiti to Mexico. There are a few passengers, among them the ladylike Mrs. King. And there is a snake in the grass: the young "Downeast" mate Ramsay, who knows something about "Mrs. King," and expects to buy *Cannibal* for a song, any day now. The captain, that broken sot, is nearly finished. And Ramsay is not above giving him a push...

But by the end of the voyage, he and all aboard *Cannibal* have only one idea, to keep her afloat. All have turned up trumps, even the seediest of the passengers, and Ramsay himself. Humanly speaking, there is a happy ending. And meanwhile we have a likable, thoroughly knowledgeable and romantic drama, complete with love interest.

It sounds queer to describe "Lady of Paris," by Vaughan Wilkins (Cape; 15s.), as rather a stodgy work. For stodginess is the last of the writer's gifts, and the last one would expect "that extravagantly beautiful woman," Teresia Tallien, or "Our Lady of Thermidor," to bring out. But I only mean stodgy for Mr. Wilkins. His sketches of the Revolution and the Directory, of Louis XVI and Robespierre, Barras and the young Bonaparte and so on, are often graphic in isolation; yet the story seems to be trudging from point to point.

"Rebecca's Pride," by Donald McNutt Dougless (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has a new and attractive setting in the Virgin Islands, and an endearing narrator in Captain Manchenil, the black police chief. His problem is the disappearance of a tycoon named Fordyce Wales, in circumstances heavily implicating the family of Von Schooks, to whom the captain is even more devoted than to his duty. Wales has just perpetrated a huge swindle, in favour of little Hannah Von Schook. And Manchenil has to work under men from the Treasury and the F.B.I., who know his loyalties and don't trust him... This story becomes more of a thriller as it goes on. A pretty good thriller; but the island atmosphere is the best of it.

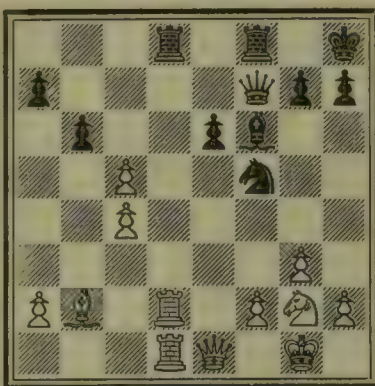
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ONE well-known and well-liked Polish player was named Przepiorka (you will be less afraid of this when I tell you it means "peewit" and is pronounced just as it is spelt, except that the "z" is as "ch" in "church").

In a strong tournament at Kecskemet, Hungary, in 1926, he found himself confronted with the following position.

AHUES (Black).



PRZEPIORKA (White).

His opponent played 1... R×R, intending to continue, after 2. Q×R, with 2... B×B; 3. Q×B, P×P, after which his knight goes in at his Q5 with some—albeit far from decisive—effect.

Clearly Przepiorka has only two rational alternatives, 2. Q×R or 2. R×R.

Instead, after considerable reflection, he lit on the amazing move 2. R×B. He captured his own bishop with his opponent's rook!

Ahues could hardly believe his eyes, but, being a little man with a great sense of humour, instead of asking what was going on, quickly re-adjusted himself and played 2... R×RP.

It was now that Przepiorka suddenly came to.

From a harmless, balanced position, he found himself two pieces down. Without reply from him, one black piece had swept away three of his own men—in one move, so to speak, for White had not had a move.

The tournament director Maroczy hurried up and was told what had happened. The other games were suspended; spectators lunged over the ropes to get a better view. As the details went around, the hall began to echo with shrieks of laughter. There has never been such a scene of wild, helpless mirth at a serious chess tournament, before or since; or for that matter such an incident in play.

(Though I am told that Mieses, in his last tournament at Hastings, capturing an enemy piece, removed his own capturing piece as well, and was quite indignant at first when told to put his back. But, then, Mieses was over ninety, whereas Przepiorka at the time of this incident was in the prime of life.)

The diagrammed position was restored. Przepiorka was good-humouredly allowed to play 2. R×R, but was so put out that he needlessly lost the game in a few moves: 2... B×B; 3. R×B, Kt-Q5; 4. Q-K4, Kt-B6ch; 5. K-R1, R-Q1; 6. Kt-B4, Kt-Kt4; 7. Q-K2, P-K4; 8. Q×P? R-Q8ch; 9. K-Kt2, R-KKt8ch; White resigns.

10. K×R, Kt-B6ch would cost White his queen.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM EUROPE'S CHARMS TO THE MYSTERIES OF AFRICA.

A FEATURE, I understand, of this year's Royal Tournament is to be a display by units of the King's African Rifles. The publication of the history of that famous African regiment under the title "The King's African Rifles," by Lieut.-Colonel H. Moyse-Bartlett (Gale and Polden; 30s.), is, therefore, timely. The K.A.R. developed from scratch forces in East and Central Africa sixty to seventy years ago; when East and Central Africa was being opened up by the British, and the slave trade suppressed. The three original units were the Central African Rifles, the Uganda Rifles and the East African Rifles. They were commanded by young officers seconded from the Indian Army or regiments of the British Army, and were originally a rag-tag and bob-tail lot, the most reliable members of which were Sikhs, and, to a lesser degree, Somalis. In the early years, they seem to have been almost continually in action, as the slave trade was highly profitable, and both the Arab slavers and the stronger African tribes who provided the slaves, deeply resented short-sighted British interference with so profitable a source of income. As the K.A.R. became a better disciplined and organised force, so its field of operation was extended. For example, a detachment of the Central African Rifles was sent from East Africa to the Gold Coast, and played an important part in the defeat of the Ashantis in the last Ashanti war of 1900. For this the detachment was rewarded with a visit to London, where they were received by King Edward VII, who presented them with medals for the Ashanti and Gambia campaigns; were inspected at the War Office by Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, saw the Royal Tournament and the Military Exhibition at Earls Court, and a review of the Household troops. Colonel Moyse-Bartlett records, however, that "the most lasting impression brought back by either party was a display of Brock's fireworks at the Crystal Palace, and a performing elephant that played a piano at the Alhambra." The author tells his story, which carries the history of the regiment through the campaigns against that brilliant opponent, von Lettow-Vorbeck, in the First World War to its service in the Far East in the last. He tells it without frills—a lack of adornment from which it gains. Here, for example, is a footnote referring to Captain C. H. Sitwell, seconded from the Manchester Regiment to the Uganda Rifles in 1895, who led an attack on a strongly fortified village. "Sitwell had a narrow escape on this occasion, when three natives charged him simultaneously. He shot two, but the spear of the third slid between his left arm and side. Using it as a lever, Sitwell toppled his assailant over and killed him. Shortly afterwards another spear knocked the pipe out of his mouth." (The italics are mine.) It is, alas! a far cry from Captain Sitwell, smoking his pipe under a hail of spears sixty-two years ago, to the activities of some of our fellow countrymen over Suez.

Mr. Stuart Cloete is a distinguished and knowledgeable writer on African affairs. In his latest book "The African Giant" (Collins; 21s.) he tells the story of a journey which he made recently from end to end of the continent. His theme is the awakening of the African, and the problems which confront both the white administrator and the emergent leaders of African nationalism, in reconciling western materialism with the world of fear, of the ancient fetiches and ju-ju's of the bush, which are never far from the consciousness of even the most civilised African. When Mr. Cloete was in the Gold Coast, for example, he went to Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti, where, a bare sixty-three years ago, the king had 3333 wives, three execution grounds, a staff of 100 executioners and a brass bowl 5 ft. across for the victims' blood, which was used to keep the Golden Stool, which enshrines the soul of the Ashanti nation, permanently wet with human blood. Ritual murders exist to-day, and, as Mr. Cloete says: "how odd that people think they can play with time in Africa, muzzle a savage with a hymn, or smother a fertility cult with a pair of pants and a Mother Hubbard." A thoughtful and important book.

Messrs. Thames and Hudson are to be congratulated on two beautifully produced books, largely consisting of photographs by Dr. Alfred Nawrath and others. They are "Austria" (50s.) and "Sicily" (50s.). The Alpine charm of Austria

and the beauty of its scenery and its Baroque churches are as admirably displayed for our pleasure as are the sun-warmed Greek, Roman and mediæval remains of Sicily.

"Malaga Farm," by Marjorie Grice-Hutchinson (Hollis and Carter; 21s.), is out of the ordinary run of travel books about Spain. Miss Grice-Hutchinson describes life as it is lived by the Spaniard in the countryside of Andalusia. This is not the Spain that will be seen by the tourist—more's the pity—but the authoress has happily captured the spirit of Southern Spain, with its hard and frugal life relieved by the gaiety and courtesy of the population, the frequent interruption of its labours by its Feast Days, and by the beneficence of the scorching but ever present sun. The courtesy is charming and infectious. This is a book which is informed with lively observation and gentle humour.

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Shell guide to FEBRUARY trees

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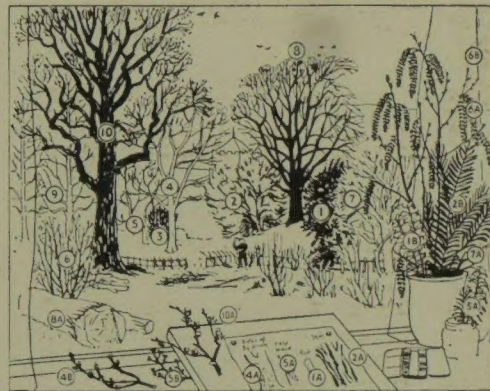


Evergreen BOX (1) and YEW (2) are prominent, this bare, frosty month. They are commoner planted than wild, the Box small, slender, with finely cleft bark (1A) and shining leaves (1B), the Yew spreading from a furrowed bole (2A) to protect churches and houses. The oldest wooden weapon ever found was a spear of English Yew made 250,000 years ago. Yew leaves are set in two rows (2B), leaves of IRISH YEW (3), a compact upright churchyard variety originating from a single tree in Ireland, project round the twig (3A).

You can identify still naked trees from bark and branching. SYCAMORE (4) has many horizontal boughs,

smooth bark and twigs (4A and 4B). FIELD MAPLE (5), shorter and twistier, has bark cleft almost as finely (5A) as Box. Its buds are paired (5B). HAZEL grows in smooth simple lines (6) compared to HAWTHORN's sharp intricacy (7 and 7A). Tall WYCH ELMS (wych means springy) soon divide and have a roundish outline (8) and characteristic bark (8A). The CORNISH ELM is cone-shaped (9). The tall straight trunks of ENGLISH ELM (10) are weightily branched.

The Elms flower this month (blossom of English Elm, 10A) before leafing. Hazel, too, displays male catkins (6A) and female flowers brilliant as little sea-anemones (6B).



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